THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
At Ebensburg, Pa., by H. A. McPike.

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,068
AND STILL A BOOMING. MATCH IT?

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, one year, cash in advance.....$1.50
" " " if not p'd within 3 mos. 1.75
" " " if not p'd within 6 mos. 2.00
" " " if not p'd within year.. 2.25

☞To persons residing outside the county 50 cents additional per year will be charged to cover postage.

☞No paper sent until the above terms be complied with—all those who don't consult their own interests by paying in advance must not expect to be placed on the same footing as those who do. Let this fact be distinctly understood from this time forward.

☞Pay for your paper before you stop it, if you mean to stop it. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

VOLUME XIV. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 2, 1880. NUMBER 11.

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

1 inch,	3 times	$ 1.50
1 "	3 months	2.50
1 "	6 months	3.50
1 "	1 year	5.00
2 "	6 months	6.00
2 "	1 year	10.00
3 "	6 months	8.00
3 "	1 year	12.00
¼ col'n	6 months	10.00
½ "	6 months	20.00
½ "	1 year	35.00
1 "	6 months	40.00
1 "	1 year	75.00
Administrator's and Executor's Notices		2.50
Auditor's Notices		2.00
Stray and similar Notices		1.50

Business items, first insertion 10c. per line; each subsequent insertion 5c. per line.

☞*Resolutions or proceedings of any corporation or society, and communications designed to call attention to any matter of limited or individual interest, must be paid for as advertisements.*

Job Printing of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

CHEAP!
CHEAPER!
CHEAPEST!
HEAPEST!

GEO. HUNTLEY
HAS NOW ON HAND THE
LARGEST, BEST AND MOST VARIED
STOCK OF
Hardware!
Stoves, Tinware,
HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION AND STYLE.
PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES
of various styles and patterns;
Builders' Hardware
of every description and of best quality;
CARPENTERS' TOOLS!
of all kinds and the best in the market. Also, a large stock of
TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY,
Glassware, Queensware, Silver-Plated Ware, Willow Ware, Wall Paper, Trunks and Valises, Revolvers, Axes, Vises, Horse Shoes, Bar Iron, Rail Road, Horse Nails, Carriage Bolts, Rivets, Grindstones, Steel Shovels, Plow Moulds, Road Scoops;
Mowing Machines, Horse Hay Rakes,
Horse Hay Forks, Rope and Pulleys, Corn Cultivators, and a full line of Harvesting Tools. Also, a large assortment of
Table, Floor and Stair Oil Cloths,
Carriage Oil Cloths,
PAPER and BILLCLOTH WINDOW SHADING and SHADE FIXTURES; LIVERPOOL ASHTON SALT, the best in the world for Dairy and Table use, cheapest and for sale in quantities to suit purchasers, at the cheapest and lowest rates. Live Stock; LAND PLASTER; Force and Lift PUMPS, of the best quality; BURNING FLUID and PATENT SAFETY LAMPS, which are considered the best and safest. Children's WAGONS and CARTS, the largest stock of MILK CROCKS of all sizes and sizes and of superior ware ever offered in this market. A large line of PAINT and COLORS of the most desirable quality; WINDOW GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, TURPENTINE, VARNISHES, etc., together with a large and complete stock of
GROCERIES, TOBACCO AND SEGARS,
as well as dozens of other useful and needful articles, in fact, anything I haven't got or can't get for you is not worth buying, and what I have on hand I always be found on as reasonable terms as any other party, while they will invariably be found
SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES!
Having had nearly THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE in the purchase of goods to my line, I am enabled to meet with the very best in the market, and I am pleased to say that this is a liberal share of your patronage is solicited, and I am confident that the best is always to be found, and that is never paye to buy an inferior article because the price is low, as it is a well known fact that such goods are always dearest in the end.
GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, April 15, 1879.

THE
CHICAGO WEEKLY NEWS
—AND—
CAMBRIA FREEMAN
—FOR—
ONE YEAR, POSTAGE INCLUDED.

The Chicago Weekly News is everywhere recognized as unsurpassed in all the requirements of a newspaper. Journalism. It stands comparison with the best metropolitan journals of the day as a complete newspaper. Its typographic execution is unsurpassed. It contains all the dispatches of the Western Press and the National Associated Press, a very full and carefully prepared series of letters from all important points. As a family paper it is unsurpassed. It is INDEPENDENT in politics, and gives all political news free from the coloring and, absolutely without bias.

It is, in the widest sense, a FAMILY PAPER.—Its columns are filled with Serial Stories of a high order, and short stories and sketches by the best writers. Literature, Science, Art, Fashion, Humor, Market Quotations are complete and reliable.

The Weekly News is an enterprising, pure and independent FAMILY NEWSPAPER. Our terms for subscriptions bring it within the reach of all. Specimen copies may be seen at this office. Persons wishing to subscribe can leave their subscriptions to this office.

INCORPORATED IN 1837.
STRICTLY ON MUTUAL PLAN.
PROTECTION MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMP'NY
OF EBENSBURG, PA.
Premium Notes now in force - $120,000.
Only Five Assessments in 22 Years.
NO STEAM MILLS TAKEN.
Good FARM Properties
ESPECIALLY DESIRED.
GEO. M. READE, President.
T. W. DICK, *Secretary.*
Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1879.-tf.

Removed to Bank Building
—Next Door to Freidhoff's New Store.

CARL RIVINIUS,
Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,
EBENSBURG, PA.,
Has on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, JEWELRY, &c., which he offers for sale at lower prices than can be found elsewhere in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.
☞Special attention paid to repairing Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed in each case.

B. O. Oeschger,
FASHIONABLE CUTTER AND COSTUMER,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Shop on four west of Huntley's store, where a large assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., always on hand, and fall suits or single articles of clothing cut to order on the shortest notice, in the most fashionable style, and at the lowest living prices. Cutting done for all sizes and the best of work guaranteed. Prices fully as cheap as inferior clothing can be made. ☞A trial is earnestly solicited.
B. O. OESCHGER.
Ebensburg, May 25, 1870.-tf.

Ebensburg INSURANCE AGENCY.
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies.
Ebensburg, dept. 22, 1879.-1y.*

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS.
HAY BROTHERS
Manufacturers,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
—OF—
TIN, COPPER,
—AND—
Sheet Iron Wares
AND DEALERS IN
Heating, Parlor and Cook
STOVES,
Sheet Metals,
—AND—
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.
Jobbing in
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

SAVE MONEY
—BY—
INSURING YOUR LIFE
—IN THE—
OHIO VALLEY
MUTUAL PROTECTION
ASSOCIATION!
HOME OFFICE, GREENVILLE, O.
"Provide for those dependent upon you a shield that will protect them from the storms of life when you are gone."
OFFICERS:

Hon. D. L. Meeker, (Judge Common Pleas Court,)	President.
James K Ripple,	Vice President.
M. F. Myers,	Secretary.
Judge J. T. Mackey,	Treasurer.
L. L. Bell, (Cashier Greenville Bank,)	Gen'l Sup't.

SPECIAL FEATURES.
This Association offer the following special features:
1st. Endowment Protection on the Mutual Assessment plan.
2d. Uniform Membership Fee of $10.00, for all ages and amounts.
3d. No Annual Dues, nor extra Charges whatever.
BENEFITS.
Persons between the ages of 16 and 64 years, who have a first-class health record, may hold either a Life Certificate or an Endowment Certificate, as they may desire.
ENDOWMENT PLAN.
16 to 53—$4000, payable at death or at expiration of 21 years.
54 to 45—$3000, payable at death or at expiration of 18 years.
46 to 55—$2500, payable at death or at expiration of 15 years.
56 to 64—$2000, payable at death or at expiration of 12 years.
LIFE PLAN.
16 to 53—$4000, payable at death only.
54 to 45—$3000, " " "
46 to 55—$2500, " " "
56 to 64—$2000, " " "
For further particulars call on or address
B. O. OESCHGER,
Agent for Cambria County,
Ebensburg, Pa.
Or M. F. Myers, Secretary, Greenville, Ohio.

GET ALL THE LIGHT YOU CAN
—ON THE SUBJECT OF—
Cheap Groceries!
By reading the advertisements, circulars, price-lists, etc., of other dealers, and then go to
F. P. CONFER'S
MODEL GROCERY STORE!
1324 Eleventh Avenue,
Between 10th & 11th Sts., Altoona, Pa.,
And "confer" your patronage on a man who can not only show you the largest, most varied and complete stock of goods ever offered for sale in that city, comprising everything fresh and pure in the way of GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, Green, Dried and Canned FRUITS, NOTIONS, &c., but can and does sell at prices fully as cheap if not a little cheaper than any other man or firm in the business, no matter where they reside or what inducements they offer.
☞Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore conferred upon him by his friends in Cambria county and elsewhere, and hoping for a continuance and increase of the same, the subscriber respectfully invites everybody to call and examine his goods and prices before buying at any other house.
Feb. 28, 1879. Model Grocery, Altoona, Pa.

McNEVIN & YEAGER,
—MANUFACTURERS OF—
Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron WARE,
—AND DEALERS IN—
COOKING & HEATING STOVES,
RANGES, FURNACES, &c.,
1108 Eleventh Avenue, . Altoona, Pa.
One Door West of Opera House.

ROOFING AND SPOUTING
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
REPAIRS FOR STOVS CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Altoona, Oct. 19, 1879.-tf.

F. A. SHOEMAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg. Office on High street, east end of residence. [1-32-79-tf.]

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [8-27, 79.]

ORPHANS' COURT SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
Coal Lands

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at **Lilly's Station, P. R. R.**, on

TUESDAY, April 20, 1880,

At 10 o'clock, A. M., the following described real estate, of which WILLIAM TILEY, Sr., died seized, to wit:

NO. 1.

The Undivided 3d Part of a Tract of Land

known as the "Ross Property," situate in Washington township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of The Cambria Iron Company, Gardner & Morrow, Daniel J. Morrell, and others, containing **96 Acres,** more or less, with the appurtenances.

NO. 2.

A PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND

situate in Washington township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of The Cambria Iron Company, Heirs of James Conrad, and others, containing **35 Acres,** more or less, with the appurtenances.

NO. 3.

A PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND

situate in Washington township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Peter Peterson, R. R. Westbrook, and others, containing **52 Acres,** more or less, with the appurtenances.

NO. 4.

A LOT of GROUND

situate in Washington township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of William McCloskey, Thomas Hewitt, and others, containing ONE-FOURTH OF AN ACRE.

NO. 5.

A LOT of GROUND

situate in the village of Hemlock, Washington township, Cambria county, bounded by the Old Portage Railroad, Pennsylvania Railroad, lands of John Hamilton and others, containing **2 Acres,** more or less, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story FRAME HOUSE and FRAME STABLE.

TERMS OF SALE.

One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

JOSEPH CRISTE, Trustee.
March 26, 1880.-3t.

Executor's Sale.

THE undersigned will offer for sale at public outcry, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on

MONDAY, APRIL 5th, 1880,

At 1 o'clock, P. M., all that certain

Homestead, or Piece or Parcel of Land,

Situated in Carroll township, Cambria county, Pa., bounded on the north by lands of Peter Hoover and Heirs of John Bennett; on the east by lands of Michael Noon; on the south by lands of John Murray and Adam Schettig, and on the west by lands of said Adam Schettig—containing **160 Acres** and **87 Perches,** more or less, about **100 Acres** of which are cleared, the balance being covered with hemlock and other hard wood, as well as rail timber. The improvements consist of a two story Log Dwelling House, with a good outbuildings, a Log Bank Barn, with sheds all around, and other needful outbuildings. There is, besides, an excellent Spring of living water near the door, a good Spring House close by, and a thriving Orchard of apple and peach trees, in full bearing, on the premises—the same being the real estate of which Michael Murray, late of said township, died seized. *Title indisputable.*

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third cash on delivery of Deed, and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by the bonds and mortgage of the purchaser.

JAMES C. MURRAY,
March 15, 1880.-3t. Surviving Executor, &c.

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

THE undersigned will offer at public sale, in the borough of Summitville, on

Tuesday, the 13th day of April, 1880,

at 2 o'clock P. M., the following described real estate, of which the Rev. John Hackett died seized:

No. 1.—A Piece or Parcel of Land

situate in the township of Washington, county of Cambria, adjoining lands of James W. Condon, Francis Fridiboll, and others, containing **40 Acres,** more or less, all under fence and partly cleared. Mineral right reserved.

No. 2.—A Piece or Parcel of Land

situate in the township and county aforesaid, adjoining the Old Portage Railroad, land of the estate of M. M. Adams, dec'd, and others, containing **3 Acres** and **129 Perches,** all cleared and under fence.

☞Terms made known on day of sale.

THOMAS DEVLIN, Executor.
Summitville, March 26, 1880.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Having been appointed Auditor by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county to report distribution of the money in the hands of Wm. H. Sechler, Esq., Assignee of E. J. Mills for the benefit of creditors, as shown by his account filed on March 8, 1880, notice is hereby given to all parties interested that I will attend to the duties of said appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on *Tuesday, April 20, 1880,* at two o'clock in the afternoon, when and where they must present their claims, or be debarred from coming in upon said fund.

GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.
Ebensburg, March 26, 1880.-3t.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.—The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned doing business as A. A. Barker & Son, was this day dissolved by mutual consent. All unsettled business will be attended to by P. H. Barker, at the place of business of the late firm, in Ebensburg. All book accounts not closed by note or cash on or before May 1st, 1880, will be left with an officer for collection.

A. A. BARKER,
P. H. BARKER.
Ebensburg, March 12, 1880.-4t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of DANIEL RAGEN, dec'd.

Letters of administration on the estate of Dan'l Ragen, late of Jackson township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that immediate payment must be made, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

ARTHUR DEVLIN, Administrator.
Jackson Twp., March 26, 1880.-6t.

WE have already ordered our BOOTS and SHOES for the coming season, which will arrive during February and March, and in order to make room for new goods, will offer our large assortment now on hand (notwithstanding the advance in such goods) at prices we defy any one to compete with T. S. BARKER & BRO.

WE have still on hand a small assortment of **LADIES' COATS,** which we are offering at greatly reduced prices, in order to close out our stock. Ye early purchasers will certainly get a bargain, as they will not last long at the prices we are asking for them.
T. S. BARKER & BRO.

JOHN MURPHY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
EBENSBURG, PA.

Office in building recently occupied by Dr. D. M. Kelm, on High street, west of Julian, and nearly opposite the Blair House. Night calls should be made at the office. [5-20, '80.-tf.]

PIANOS Stool, Cover and Book, $210 to $1,600. ORGANS, 13 Stops, 3 set Reeds, 2 Knee Swells, Stool, Book, only $60. Illustrated Catalogue Free. Address **Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.**

Mc. CREEDY'S CORN SOLVENT.
No Cure, No Pay. For sale by Druggists and Shoe Dealers. CAIN BROS., Pittsburg, Pa., Gen'l Ag'ts.

WE have a large stock of LADIES', Misses' and Children's SHOES, which we will sell at very low prices between now and the 1st of April next. T. S. BARKER & BRO.

FOR SALE.—A tip-top heavy one-horse or light two horse PEDDLING WAGON. Apply to GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, Feb. 13, 1880.-tf.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine. [2-6-79.-1y.*]

DO YOU WANT WORK? A DAY? IF SO, WE WANT MEN, WOMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS TO WORK FOR US RIGHT IN AND NEAR THEIR OWN HOMES. THE BUSINESS IS NEW, HONORABLE AND LEGITIMATE. WE OFFER STEADY WORK AND LIBERAL PAY TO THE RIGHT PARTIES. WE HAVE SECURED THE SERVICES OF MANY WHO HAVE MADE FROM $50 TO $100 PER MONTH. SOME HAVE MADE MORE. WE CAN FURNISH EMPLOYMENT FOR A FEW MORE. FOR PARTICULARS, ADDRESS AT ONCE, P. O. VICKERY, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

$777 a year and expenses to Agts. Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

MOTHER, HOME AND HEAVEN.

"The sweetest words in the English language are Mother, Home and Heaven."

Did ever a note steal down to earth
From seraph's quivering lyre,
Fraught with a deeper tone of love,
And wild affection's fire,
To which so much of cherished thought,
So much of love was given,
As to those words which sweetly tell
Of Mother, Home and Heaven?

Others are words of joy and woe,
That strangely sway the heart,
And low within its treasured depths
Their thrilling echoes start;
Yet there's no other power by which
Its founts so deep are riven
As by those gentle words which speak
Of Mother, Home and Heaven.

Go 'mid the ocean's briny spray,
Where towering billows rise,
And wave on wave leaps proudly up
With thunderings to the skies,
And ask the sailor in his bark
O'er those wild waters driven,
What nerves his soul; he'll thee thoughts tell
Of Mother, Home and Heaven.

Go ask the lonely prisoner,
While drooping in his cell,
What were the treasured words which oft
With winning influence fell
Upon his wayward soul, which long
With sin and care had striven?
He'll whisper, "Oh those sweetest words,
My Mother, Home and Heaven."

Oh, yes, there's magic in those names
To nerve in trial's hour,
And to the soul bowed down with sin
They come with holiest power;
And there is naught on earth which will
The wild affections leaven
As those sweet words which tell the heart
Of Mother, Home and Heaven.

But, oh! in Death's still hour the soul
Their sweetest power can know;
And when he comes to place his seal
In paleness on my brow,
I do but ask this precious thought
Of love and hope be given—
A boon to guide my spirit on—
"My Mother, Home and Heaven!"

(Written for the FREEMAN.)

A PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

It is the year 1863, the day before Christmas, and the location is Brandy Station, Va. A high wind rushes amain through the treetops with a voice-drowning roar where our division lay encamped in the edge of the woods.

There was something uncommon afoot that day in the camp of the white diamonds. Warworn veterans in faded uniforms, who had smelled the battle-cloud under McClellan on the famed Peninsula, were standing around in groups, engaged in earnest debate, deciding for themselves whether or not to brave the chances of battle for three more long, long years of camp, and march, and conflict. Camp in winter on the snow-clad hillside, dotted thickly with the little dog-tent-covered huts of the cheery private—cheery even amid dreary snows, and wintry blasts, and camp privations. Marching often to battle thro' the thick mud and misty woods, while the thunderings of the cannonade up ahead made the very earth to quake and the air to shiver. Battle where the intervening thicket hid the wily foeman, whose presence was known by the invisible volleys of hissing bullets only, and where the yielding swamp afforded a ready sepulchre for the fallen rifleman.—Night advances of the cavalry and infantry into the inky depths of mist-shrouded forests till the advance guard is halted by the sharp volley of the hidden picket. Harrassing retreats where the startled and weary sleeper is suddenly roused by the fearful thunders of the near battle all around. These sunbrowned men in faded blue jackets had experienced all this, and the retrospect was pretty rugged to scan. Yet, for all this, their decision was not long delayed; and soon they came rolling up to the Colonel's tent in thick surges, ready to record their names and plight their vows to stand by their country amid the smoke of battle for another three years.

The writer stood back for awhile and viewed the scene as the hundreds of stalwart, bearded and battle-worn soldiers filled up the new ranks; but being short of stature, rather delicate, and not much of a hero withal, he hesitated for some time to follow in their footsteps. At length, however, the mental die was cast, and another individual was bound into the grand struggle for three years, or during the war.

That evening we bade good-bye to camp and took the cars for home on a thirty-days furlough. There was a great cheering and hullabaloo as we started off; and I remember that Jemmy Peterson tried hard to get a friendly rough-and-tumble out of me before I got into the cars, but I slipped through his clutches, and evaded pursuit. That night was a very cold one—so cold, indeed, that when we got to the station at Alexandria we were very glad to get in and crowd around the glowing heater. More than one overcoat was badly singed by a too close proximity—mine among the number, and "thereby hangs a tale" other than an overcoat tail.

We remained not long in the grand city of laws and "magnificent distances" after reaching there, but were soon whirling over the iron highway, 'mid the darkness of night, on toward the city of Penn. Some time after midnight we woke up and found ourselves in the lamp-marshaled streets of the great river-environed mart—all quiet and sleeping, save now and then the lonely echo of some wandering footsteps on the resounding pavements. I had not forgotten the locality of my friends; and the soldier-citizen, who had passed through the sulphury war-clouds of the many-battled Peninsula was soon in the midst of a delighted and beflustered group of half-drowsy friends, just aroused from their slumbers.

I remained in the Quaker City a few days, attending social gatherings, prayer-meetings, lectures, etc., much to the edification and pride of my friends and acquaintances, who were somewhat new-fangled at the idea of having a real live soldier, fresh from the scenes of war, in their midst. I had other friends in Western Pennsylvania, and again, on a dark, frosty night in January, found myself surrounded with blue jackets in the front car of a western-bound train. After we had been about two hours or so on the way, a man in citizen's dress came and sat in the same seat with me, and as I had been handling about a well-stuffed wallet of greenbacks I conjectured he might have designs on the same, for his appearance was not prepossessing. This circumstance put a new notion into my head—a notion which I had never on any former occasion had the least idea of putting in practice. My plan was to get rid of my unwelcome companion by taking a berth in a sleeping-car; and I was soon snugly ensconced in the top tier, up against the roof of the car, sleeping as soundly as Morpheus on a bed of poppies. I had a knack of sleeping on high places, having on one occasion slept on the top of a rail fence, the stakes being filled up with extra rails so as to present a flat surface for a bed. This happened in the early morning, among the small hours, on the 15th of August, 1862, while Joe Hooker was advancing to reconnoitre the "Johnnies" at Malvern Hill, the sleeping of course being done during a halt of the column.

But to return to my railroad trip. I slept all night like Rip Van Winkle, or the renowned Seven Sleepers, and awoke betimes in the frosty morning, just as the wintry twilight began to dawn over the snow-hid landscape. I soon clambered down from my high nest, and had my valise and overcoat ready to go forward into the front car again, when I bethought me of my wallet of greenbacks. I soon ascertained the fact that the wallet was *non est* in regard to my pocket, and I therefore lost no time in making search for the same. It occurred to me that a small article might fall down out of the upper tier, through a space between the side of the car and the bed; and, sure enough, there lay the wallet behind the next man below, intact, safe and sound. All this caused a short delay; and a most fortunate delay it proved for me. The wallet secured and safe, I started again for the door of the sleeper, and had given the knob a twist to open the same, when bump, bump, bump went the car over the ties, and some one called out in quick, sharp tones to seize hold of something and hold on for dear life. The suggestion was a good one, and I seized the back of a seat with a firm grip and held on with vice-like tenacity. We were not kept long in suspense as to the course of events, for the car lay over on its side as if tired with its long trip, and then shot upwards at an angle of about thirty-five degrees, finally coming to a standstill with people, stoves, band boxes and things generally, in a confused jumble.—There was no noise when the car went over—utter silence seemed to reign for a short space—and after a while we heard a confused noise of voices outside.

The way the car lay, the side being the extemporized floor, the windows lay under our feet, and a quick thought struck me to break through the glass and jump to the ground below. I will here explain the position of the train. The front axle of the tender had snapped off, some say from the effects of the frost, but that could hardly be, as the axles would be heated by friction. But, however it came about, the axle snapped off just as we reached the end of a bridge across the Juniata, and the two front cars ran down the bank and partly into the river, smashing themselves and maiming their inmates as they went. One end of the sleeper mounted the ruins of the two front cars, leaving quite a space between it and the ground. As I jumped down through the broken window and joined a group of persons standing near, I noticed the fire breaking out in the ruins from the overturning stoves. Every instant gave strength to the flames, and what had to be done could not be long delayed. I soon recollected that I had forgotten my valise in the confusion, so I crept back in the car and secured it.

The fire was now raging in earnest, so I joined the party who were rescuing the passengers from the wreck. We dragged two old ladies from the middle car, stupefied with hurts and fright, and we kept on in the good work till we had lain thirty killed and wounded side by side. The conductor was among the wounded, and, after he had come to himself a little, I recollect him standing there with the blood streaming over his face, calling out in a stentorian voice, "Stop the train! stop the train!" Having a fine silk handkerchief in my pocket I bound up his wounded head therewith, and that was the last I saw of him, for I started in immediately to help save the U. S. Mail, which was being burned up by the bagful. Meantime the flames from the wreck had communicated to the end of the bridge, and fiery tongues roared and leaped high into the air. The mail car happened to lie almost under the blazing bridge, and it was no holiday task to stem the heat of the conflagration. The scene bore a striking resemblance to a battle field, inasmuch as groups of wounded men in blue clothes lay around writhing and groaning in agony.

The engine had broken loose from the train and steamed away across the bridge, leaving the wreck of humanity in the debris of the "smash-up." Pretty soon another train backed up and took on the passengers who were able to move forward, and all went ahead as if nothing uncommon had happened. We stopped at the next town on the route, where we were quite an object of curiosity to the good people, who had a desire to see folks just emerging from such perils and flames.

One urchin seeing my burnt overcoat cried out in vociferous eagerness: "O, look at that one! his coat tail is nearly burnt off."

As I had been an actor in that horrible night scene of Chancellorsville, amid the flaming forest and crashing trees, such episodes as these were little to me but tameness. I was young at the time, and my spirits were too elastic to be depressed by anything short of annihilation; still there was something extraordinary about my scatheless escape which should not be overlooked. To recapitulate: I was in the front car with the other furloughed soldiers—the car from which hardly one escaped. Then an incident occurred which induced me to seek the sleeping-car, in the rear of the train; again, sleeping all the night, and getting up just in time to escape being thrown from the top berth on to the floor by the oversetting of the car; the delay consequent on the search for my wallet; the car oversetting as I had my hand on the knob of the door on my way out into the front car again.

Now, this train of circumstances was set agoing by the individual who sat down beside me in the car, and it all resulted in my escape from the fate which seemed to be in store for me.

I think all such occurrences should be recorded, for they furnish blazes by the way in the course of providence. A. D. H.

THE WAY TO DO IT.—"How shall we treat the boys?" asks a writer in an educational magazine. Oh, don't you worry about that. Just you call them up and ask them what they'll take, and they will render their decisions a great deal more promptly and more to the general satisfaction than you could do. Don't let that keep you back a minute.

A YOUNG LADY sent twenty-five cents and a postage stamp in reply to an advertisement of "How to make an impression," and received this answer: "Sit down on a pan of dough."

A FRONTIER STORY.

At the foot of the Boston mountain in Searcy county, Ark., dwells a man named Mason. He is over eighty years old, and his tall figure, white hair and patriarchal air give him an indescribable appearance. His house is a rough but comfortable log cabin, and the few acres around it afford ample subsistence. An excellent marksman, he has never abandoned the use of his trusty rifle, while the numerous deer and bear skins within and without the cabin bear ample testimony of skill and success.

With the exception of his wife he lives entirely alone. But his life has not always been thus desolate. Many years ago three children brightened his humble home, two boys, John and David, and one daughter, Lizzie, who was the pride of the old man's heart and the light of his rude cabin. The sons were light-hearted boys, given to drink somewhat, but liked by everybody, while Lizzie was a rare, wildwood blossom. Her soft blue eyes and flaxen hair played sad havoc with the hearts of the younger portion of the opposite sex in all that section, and many sought her hand in marriage, the fortunate suitor being a young man named Charles McKinley, rather dissipated, not worth a dollar, yet handsome, a very forest Appollo—in short, just the kind of a man to win a young girl's heart.

The Mason family were anything but pleased with her choice, and spared no effort to break off the attachment the lovers had for each other. Lizzie, however, could not be moved. Entreaties and threats were alike unavailing. The former gave her courage to plead for Charlie; the latter made her cling the closer to him. Finding all other efforts useless, the Masons resorted to more violent measures. John Mason met Charles McKinley one day in the forest and a desperate fight ensued, in which both were badly cut and bruised, but in which John was decidedly worsted. This stirred up additional bitterness and for a time threatened to draw the majority of the surrounding families into the quarrel and disturb the peace of the neighborhood. Lizzie sought to pour oil on the troubled water, and her gentle words melted the hardened natures that evil passions had filled with wrath. There was a reconciliation between her lover and brother, and there was general rejoicing in consequence, when an event occurred which changed amity into distrust and suspicion.

The event was no less than the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Charles McKinley. He was last seen alive alone in the forest beyond the mountains, and was on the trail of a herd of deer. The most rigid search failed to discover him or any trace of his whereabouts. He had dropped out of sight and life as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up. All sorts of stories were rife. One said he was murdered, another that he had run away, still another that he was purposely hiding himself and would suddenly return. But as time went on and he neither came nor was heard of, the suspicion that he had met with foul play gained ground rapidly, growing into certainty in the minds of many persons.

Of course John Mason was accused of the murder, and though he strenuously denied the charge, the evidence against him was strong enough to warrant his arrest. Once in the meshes of the law it seemed as if a hundred circumstances came up, all crying trumpet-tongued, "Guilty!" Divers persons had heard him threaten to kill Charles McKinley; that young man had himself said that he did not consider his life safe as long as John Mason remained in the country. Even John's father admitted reluctantly that his son had declared his intention of riddling Charles McKinley with buckshot, while David corroborated his parent's statement. Thus the coils of circumstantial evidence closed tighter and tighter about the young man, and beyond his bare assertion there was nothing to be said in refutation.

The blow had fallen on the young girl with crushing effect. The sudden disappearance of her lover, the arrest of her brother on the charge of murdering him, almost drove her insane. She, however, shared the popular opinion that young McKinley had been murdered and that her brother was guilty of the terrible crime. Urged for a reason for her belief, she finally admitted that it rested on the slender foundation of a dream. On the night succeeding the day upon which Charles McKinley disappeared, in a dream she saw her brother and him in a violent quarrel. The men were in a dark ravine; there was a mountain to their right, and a deep, dense forest to their left. She heard their words; she saw John strike McKinley with his rifle, and fell him to the earth. That blow was fatal. The young man never spoke afterwards. John hid the body in a dark cave in the mountains, and there it still remained! This dream made a powerful impression on the young girl, and though many were disposed to laugh at it, nothing could shake her faith and confidence in its horrible reality. From that time she was a changed woman. Slowly she pined away. The color faded from her cheeks, giving place to a deathly pallor; her eyes lost their tender glance and sparkled with an unearthly lustre; she uttered no complaint. Like the gentle girl who loved the unfortunate Irish patriot, Robert Emmett, she passed to her earthly grave, forgiving all, beloved by every one, the victim of a sad, broken heart!

John Mason broke jail and fled to Texas, his brother David going into exile with him. This settled all doubts or questions as to his guilt or innocence. Flight was accepted by one and all as a confession of guilt. Liberal rewards were offered for the capture of the brothers, David being considered an accessory to the crime, but neither was ever apprehended. From the Lone Star State they went to Louisiana, and in New Orleans fell victims to that dread scourge, yellow fever. Letters now in the father's possession contain the most fervent protestations of their innocence, and subsequent events clearly exonerate them from complicity in the taking off of young McKinley. For years after, when the main actors in this strange episode slept in their graves miles apart; when interest in the scenes we have just related had almost died away, or was recalled with awe at the hunter's winter fireside, the mystery surrounding the disappearance of the young man was brought to light.

A party of hunters, while chasing a deer in an adjacent county, found his remains in a cave in which the animal they were pursuing had established his lair. There was only a ghastly-looking skeleton of a man, a rusty rifle, and, rudely carved in the yielding rock upon which it rested, these words:

"Lost; can't find my way out—Charles McKinley."

That was all, but it told its own story. It solved an enigma that had darkened many lives. It cleared from the foul stain of murder, though too late, John Mason and his brother.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

Honesty is always—that is to say, almost always—the best policy. For instance, the other day as a keen-looking business man, with his hat worn on the nape of his neck, was standing on Clark street, a simple, gawky-looking country lad of nineteen with a big envelope in his hand, and his eyes wide open, came sauntersng along, looking anxiously at all the signs, which he was spelling out. The business man being naturally kind-hearted and desiring to do a friendly turn to a stranger, said to the boy: "Hi, sonny, what are you looking for? Let me see that letter."

"No, I can't let you have that letter, there's bonds in it," said the boy; "but p'raps you can tell me where Mr. Smith lives round here. The boss told me the number, but I have forgotten it, and the letter has got bonds in it, and so I ain't to give it to anybody but to him."

"Why, I have been waiting for you this half hour," said the keen business man, as his face brightened up; "waiting for you to bring me those bonds which I bought of What's-his-name?"

"Be you Mr. Smith?" said the boy; "well, now, I'm right glad I met you, because I'd clean forgot what the number was where the boss said you lived, and I wouldn't have liked to go back to him without finding you: it would have looked as if I was careless."

With these remarks the lad took out a big envelope marked "J. Smith, Esq., present," in the upper corner, "2,500 U. S. 5 28s." and in the lower corner "Commission due, $5. Please remit by bearer."

"That's all right, sonny," said the keen-looking business man, as he hauled out a scantily-furnished purse, gave the boy a five dollar bill and a quarter and said: "There, sonny, that quarter is to reward you for your cleverness and fidelity;" and putting the envelope in his breast pocket, he walked leisurely around the corner, ran to Dearborn street with the speed of a deer, skipped lightly round to Madison, and, hailing a car, was whirled away at a comparatively lightning speed. Not till he had reached Union Park did he draw the precious envelope from his pocket, and, with the remark: "Pray Heaven they are not registered!" tore it open.

He then found that the envelope contained a copy of the Chicago *Tribune*, which he could have purchased at the office for five cents. Meanwhile the simple country lad, entering a beer saloon in the vicinity of the Sherman House, had absorbed a beer, salted away the five dollar bill with seven other in his pocket book, and with the remark: "The fish is biting very numerously today," took another big envelope from his pocket, and once more sallied forth in search of a keen-looking business man.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A HUMAN CURIOSITY.—Evan Thompson, son of the postmaster at Waupaca, Wis., is a human curiosity. Evan was born May 25, 1864. During the first three years of his life he grew the same as other children, and seemed possessed of unsual brilliancy. At the age of three years he could recite long poems perfectly, and could talk as plainly as an adult. He knew all his letters, and could spell short words. His father and mother were proud of their son, and did what they could to instruct him. When he was three and a half years old he was taken with a fit, the nature of which puzzled the doctors. These fits came at more frequent intervals, and the child began to lose the power of locomotion and speech. When he was four and a half years old he was laid in his little crib, and has remained there for the past eleven years, not at any time being able to even turn himself over. He now weighs about twelve pounds, and is thirty-six inches long. The bones in his arm are not larger than an ordinary lead-pencil

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - - APRIL 2, 1880.

THE ex-Empress Eugenie sailed from Southampton, England, on yesterday week, for South Africa, to visit the scene of her son's death. She is accompanied by Colonel Sir Henry Evelyn Wood, of the British army, who took part in the Zulu campaign, the Marquis of Bassano, and a few other personal friends. On her return from Zululand she will make a brief visit to the island of St. Helena, to which Napoleon was banished by the British government, and where he died fifty-nine years ago.

THE House Committee of Ways and Means decided on Tuesday last, by a vote of 8 to 3, to place upon the free list all manufactured paper, wood pulp, jute butts, unmanufactured flax, straw, and all other fibre and fibrous plants fit for use in the manufacture of paper. The committee also decided—7 to 5—to fix the duty at 40 per cent. upon flannels, blankets, hats of wool, knit goods, balmorals, woolens of every description, composed wholly or in part of worsted, hair or alpaca, goat, or other like animals, except such as are composed in part of wool, not otherwise provided for.

IT is very satisfactory to learn from the Pittsburg papers that Allegheny county has settled and paid nearly all the claims against it growing out of the memorable riots in July, 1877. The whole amount paid up to last week aggregates $2,100,000, which includes the claim of the Pennsylvania rail road, much the heaviest of all the demands against it. As a general rule all the claims were compromised at amounts far below their face, and with one exception, which is a claim for oil destroyed, it is said that the amount of losses yet to be paid will not exceed $3,000. "Where there is a will there is a way" when a difficulty confronts us, and this instance shows that it is as true of counties as of individuals.

THE Greenback State Convention met at Harrisburg on Thursday last and recommended to the National Greenback Convention, which will meet at Chicago in June, that mighty statesman, Hendrick B. Wright, as a most proper person to be nominated for the Presidency. For Judge of the Supreme Court several names were mentioned and withdrawn, whereupon a disgusted delegate is reported to have moved that "if we can't find nobody within our party we'd better not nominate nobody." The motion was lost, and the convention by dint of perseverence succeeded in doing the next best thing to finding "nobody," by nominating F. P. Dewees, of Schuylkill county. We do not mean that Dewees is nobody in the literal meaning of the word, but we do mean that as a candidate for the highest judicial tribunal in the State he is eminently entitled to that distinction. A. L. Roberts, of Crawford county, was nominated for Auditor General.

A RUMOR prevailed about the beginning of last week, which happily proved to be unfounded, that the City of Mexico, the vessel on which General Grant and party had taken passage from Vera Cruz for Galveston, had been lost in the gulf during a terrible storm. In that event what would have become of the country, for whose future existence and safety the third term crowd affect to believe that Grant is a necessity, and that without his strong arm to direct public affairs the days of the Republic are numbered. "Suppose Grant had been lost at sea," asks the New York *Sun*, "is there a single third termer hardy enough to affirm that *that* would have been the end of the Republic—that the waters which engulfed him would have swallowed up the one man strong enough to administer the office of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln? Not one of them would have dared to say it—not one of them believes it. All their gabble about the necessity of re-electing Grant is as insincere as it is un-American."

CONGRESS has now been in session four months and what has the harvest been? We are not aware of any measure of national importance that has passed both houses. Of talk there has been more than a surfeit, and the *Congressional Record* has every day been loaded down with speeches of learned length and thundering sound, the most notable of the session being John A. Logan's venemous harangue against the bill for the relief of Fitz John Porter, which covers *forty-six* pages of that document in fine type. For two whole months the House worried over the report revising the rules to govern its own action, and since the adoption of the report it has mainly devoted its time to quarrelling about what the new rules really mean. But this is the session preceding a Presidential election, and if much real and substantial good results from its deliberations, which now bid fair to extend into the middle of summer, it will be more than the country has at present any good reason to expect.

IT was telegraphed from London, on Monday last, that Mr. Parnell, on attempting to address an election meeting at Enniscorthy, Wexford county, one day towards the close of last week, was received with yells, greans and a free discharge of rotten eggs and oranges, by persons belonging to the opposite party. It is further stated that Mr. P. was hit in the face by an orange, caught around the waist and nearly hurled from the platform, and that he was finally compelled to abandon the attempt to speak. At first we were inclined to discredit this news, coming as it did from London, but subsequent dispatches fully confirm it. The cause of the riot was this: The Chevalier O'Clery, member of the late Parliament from Wexford county, seeks a re-election as a House Ruler. Mr. Parnell procured the nomination of two other candidates, one of whom appears to be very unpopular. Chevalier O'Clery's partisans, 10,000 strong, took possession of the platform, and when Mr. Parnell, accompanied by his candidates and by several members of the Enniscorthy club, arrived and attempted to get on the platform the riotous proceedings were inaugurated and resulted as above stated.

THE comments of the Harrisburg *Patriot* on an article in our last week's issue dissenting from the action of the Democratic State Committee, in instructing its chairman to place upon the preliminary roll of the State Convention the names of what are called the "McGowan delegates" from Philadelphia, show that there is not any essential difference between us, except in one particular. From all our information about the election of the delegates from Philadelphia, on the 3d of December last, gathered from the *Record* and *Times* of that city on the day after the election, we never doubted the right of the McGowan delegates to their seats in the State Convention. They are the only delegates elected from that county, although we have recently seen it intimated that another set will be elected before the meeting of the convention, notwithstanding the fact, as we stated last week, that Mr. Vaux and his friends had taken part in the election of delegates to the convention by which the *State* delegates were chosen. Having done so they are bound by the action of the county convention.

What we object to is that the Committee undertook to meddle with or express any opinion in reference to the matter at all. It has no jurisdiction whatever over the subject. The precedent is bad and fraught with mischief, and if once recognized will only lead to evil, and that continually. If it is ever conceded that the State Committee has the right to direct its chairman to place upon the roll the names of certain delegates from a county, no man can have much difficulty in foreseeing the results to which its exercise would inevitably lead. If, as the *Patriot* claims, the chairman of the State Committee has no discretion in preparing the preliminary roll of the convention, but must "place on the roll only the names of delegates returned to him by the proper authority," etc., and if Geo. R. Berrill, who presided at the Philadelphia county convention, *did*, as is said, return to the chairman of the State Committee the names of the delegates elected by that convention on the third of last December, then the Committee stands without the shadow of an excuse for its uncalled for and mischievous action. The State convention is superior both to the Committee and its chairman, and will take care, we have no doubt, that the delegates from Philadelphia who are regularly elected shall get their seats, and we trust we will never again hear of the State Committee interfering in a matter with which it has no legitimate concern.

THE Board of Pardons at a special meeting held on Saturday last to consider the applications of Wm. H. Kemble and others, refused to recommend them to executive clemency. Kemble's leading counsel, F. C. Brewster, Esq., of Philadelphia, and Wm. H. Armstrong, Esq., of Williamsport, counsel for Rumbarger, addressed the Board in behalf of their clients, presenting such reasons as they could in favor of their pardon. A great many letters from Republican politicians in Philadelphia, as well as from several Republican Congressmen from this State, were also read to the Board asking its favorable action. In opposition to the Board recommending a pardon, the District Attorney presented and read a calm and well written protest, which is said to have been prepared by Franklin B. Gowen, one of the counsel for the Commonwealth. Quay and Dunkel voted in favor of the recommendation for pardon, and Lieut.-Gov. Stone and Attorney General Palmer voted against it. *Three* affirmative votes were necessary, but only *two* could be had. On Monday, the day fixed for passing sentence, when the Court met, neither Kemble, Salter, Rumbarger, Crawford, nor Petroff appeared, and the bail of each was forfeited, the District Attorney at the same time asking the Court for processes against the defendants, which were granted. Kemble went to New York from Philadelphia on Sunday night, and was in that city during Monday. Rumbarger and Crawford were at the St. Cloud Hotel, Philadelphia, on Sunday, but what became of them does not seem to be known; nor is there any clue to the whereabouts of Salter and Petroff. That all these defendants, unless they leave the country, will yet be arrested and produced before the Court, does not admit of much doubt, provided the District Attorney discharges his duty in the premises, as we feel confident that he will.

SOME of the more noisy papers which adhere to the political fortunes of Mr. Tilden are still uttering the demand, "Give us the old ticket!" meaning of course Tilden and Hendricks. More than a year ago Governor Hendricks declared, in language not to be misunderstood, and since then has often repeated, that he would never again consent to accept a nomination for the second place on the national ticket, and it will be admitted we suppose, that a man of his age, experience and high character, has some personal as well as political rights that ought to be respected. The Indianapolis *Sentinel*, published at Gov. Hendricks' home, stated last week that while he has the utmost respect for Gov. Tilden, Gen. Hancock, Mr. Bayard, and the other distinguished Democrats whose names have been mentioned as possible candidates for the Presidency, he positively declines to stand as second to any of them. Objections are urged against him in some quarters, just as are urged against each of the other gentlemen named in connection with the nomination, and yet who that knows anything of the man and his public career, doubts that Thomas A. Hendricks would make a safe President, or that he would honestly discharge his duty to the country?

—A whale sixty-five feet long and measuring from fifteen to twenty feet in diameter, was caught in Cape Cod Bay about two weeks ago by a party of fishermen led by Captain Lavanier, an old whaler, and, towed to New York. Its head was nearly twenty feet in length, or about one third the total length, and the mouth measured fifteen feet from jaw to jaw and eight feet in width. The girth of the great fish at its largest point, just back of the head, was forty feet. "We found ten bushels of herrings in him," said Capt. L., "when we cut him open."

Striking and Sensational.

SOME OF THE QUEER HAPPENINGS OF A FEW DAYS.

Gilbert Budd, of Clarendon, Mich., died at the close of morning family prayers, before he had risen from his knees. He was 80 years old.

As the friends of Mrs. John Brown, of White Mills, Pa., were taking a last look at the corpse, the floor suddenly gave way precipitating the entire company into the cellar below.

In a pane of glass in the house of Chas. Pierce, of Bay City, Mich., is the image of a human hand indellibly stamped. Nothing will remove it; neither turpentine, soap, oil, or naphtha.

A nugget of gold about an inch square was disclosed by an accident to Alexander Wilcox, of Freetown, Ind. In falling he caught hold of a bush, which, giving way, overturned a huge rock under which the gold lay.

In a Milwaukee, Wis., school, a little boy was so bad that it became necessary to expel him. It has just been discovered that the little fellow has been receiving an education in the same school ever since in the guise of a little girl.

The deep snows in the mountains of California have made the wild animals ravenous. A four-year-old son of Wm. Higgins, of Bodie, stepped outside the door, at dusk, and the mother was just in time to save it from a pack of hungry coyotes.

A man, woman and child who have been begging for some weeks in Watsonville, Cal., have been found to have $35,000 invested in San Francisco, have four sons engaged in profitable business, and $600 in gold was found in the possession of the man.

John Merchant, of Hyde Park, Pa., and his sister have been living in the same town and attending the same church for the last ten years, and until last Saturday they did not know of each other's whereabouts. She came from England nineteen years ago and he followed nine years later.

Mr. Pritchard, residing in Elizabeth, N. J., has two sons in the tea business in Japan. About two years ago, after a visit to his father's residence, one of them, by mistake, carried the latch-key of the front door to Japan with him. On Saturday Mr. Pritchard received it through the mail. It was attached to a postal card, and had traveled from Japan, three-fourths of the distance around the world, for one cent.

At Dover, N. J., a father and son are working in the car shops. They arrived at Castle Garden early in January, and were directed to go to Dover. The father left the train at the proper station, but the son was carried to Phillipsburg. He knew of no way to find his father, and so went to work in a stone quarry. The father found work in the Dover car shops. Both wrote to the wife and mother in Sweden deploring their separation. The letters were received simultaneously, and the mother replied acquainting each of the other's abiding place. After a separation of two months they were again united.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD ELECTION AND ADVANCE IN WAGES.—The Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, elected by the stockholders on Tuesday, met on Wednesday of last week for organization at the Company's office in Philadelphia.

The first business in order was the election of a President for the ensuing year, and Colonel Thomas A. Scott was unanimously re-elected the executive officer of the corporation.

Messrs. George B. Roberts, Edmund Smith and N. J. Cassett were then elected to seats in the Board, to act as First, Second and Third Vice Presidents, respectively.

Messrs. John D. Taylor and Joseph Lesley were unanimously elected Treasurer and Secretary of the Company.

President Scott then submitted the following appointments, which were confirmed:

General Solicitor—John Scott.

Assistants to the President—Strickland Kneass, John P. Green, J. N. Du Barry.

Cashier—B. F. Crawford.

Assistant Secretary—John C. Sims, Jr.

Comptroller—Robert W. Downing.

General Manager—Frank Thomson.

Consulting Engineer—W. H. Wilson.

General Freight Agent—James McCreighton, filling the vacancy caused by the death of L. B. Kingston.

General Pass. Agent—L. P. Farmer.

General Superintendent, P. R. Division—Charles E. Pugh.

General Supt. United Railroads of New Jersey—F. Walcott Jackson.

General Supt. P. and R. Div.—Wm. A. Baldwin.

Gen. Supt. Delaware and Raritan Canal—J. J. Wistar.

The Board advanced the compensation of all the officers and employes of the company to the same paid prior to June 1, 1877, to go into effect on and after 1st of April. This is equal to a larger amount than an advance of ten per cent. would be upon present salaries in most cases.

IN reference to the decision rendered the early part of last week by the English House of Lords against the right of the Messrs. Collins to the fund in the Bank of England, for the purpose of enabling them to construct the Madeira and Mamore rail road in Brazil, the Philadelphia *Times* says:

No words seem too strong to characterize the treatment which the Messrs. Collins have received at the hands of the English courts and finally of the House of Lords. The last-named body may not know very much of law, but it might be supposed to have some notions of equity, and it is simply impossible to reconcile this decision with anything resembling equity. The decision of the Master of the Rolls, given in 1875, that the money resulting from the sale of the Bolivian bonds must be applied to the purpose for which those bonds were granted—the construction of the railroad—and to no other purpose, was not appealed from, and it remained undisputed in law as it was indisputable in equity. On the faith of this decision the Messrs. Collins undertook the contract and began the work, only to be met by a refusal of payment upon grounds which had been repeatedly and, as is was supposed, finally decided to be untenable. If this were only an individual hardship, a private wrong, it would attract only passing notice from the public. But the fact that this imposition was overlook the fact that every powerful influence in London—financial, social and speculative—was combined against these contractors on no other discoverable ground than that they were Americans, who were likely to succeed where Englishmen had failed and whose success would draw trade to America a large part of which England had hitherto controlled. Bolivia is a weak nation and can safely be bullied and robbed, and Brazil is not in a position to make any effective remonstrance against this sharp practice; but there will be no hesitation in this country in expressing a very plain opinion upon what is nothing less than a breach of national faith and a grave national wrong.

CONDEMNING SECRET SOCIETIES.—Archbishop Wood has issued another circular condemning secret societies, which will be read in all churches. It was called out by the announcement that the Ancient Order of Hibernians will hold a convention in Philadelphia in June. The archbishop says that the Catholic Church has again and again condemned and censured all secret societies, properly so-called, as dangerous to civil society and injurious to the interests of religion. He says that the most insidious efforts have been made in many parts of the diocese, and probably throughout the whole country, to blind and deceive the faithful and to entangle them in the meshes and shackles of these unlawful and forbidden societies, and the archbishop warns against an alliance with such societies.

—Mr. Jonathan Jones, of Green Lane, Montgomery county, lost five children in two weeks with diphtheria,

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—A butcher in Comlubia was detected selling the carcass of a 30-year-old goat for spring lamb.

—There are 300 cases of typhoid fever in one district of Pittsburg, caused by improper drainage.

—A 3-year-old child in Milton drank boiling hot coffee from the spout of a coffee pot and died soon afterward.

—Two men were buried alive and five others injured by a fire-damp explosion in a West Virginia coal mine, on Saturday last.

—Conrad S. Stark, a well-known lawyer, and President of the People's Savings Bank, at Pittston, died on Thursday night.

—Willie Clifton, of Easton, fell over an embankment, a distance of 80 feet, and escaped with no greater injury than a broken wrist.

—Full-grown grasshoppers have made their appearance in the northern part of Centre county, and the farmers there are very uneasy.

—Dispatches from London state that the English Catholic aristocracy will provide an asylum for the Jesuits who may be expelled from France.

—Kentucky lays claim to the oldest living triplets. They are three sisters named De Vos, who live near Nicholasville, and are in their fifty-third year.

—Peter Smith and Patrick Cantwell, tinsmiths, were blown from the roof of the Seventh regiment armory in New York on Tuesday, and killed instantly.

—A cow on the farm of D. T. Johnson, at Oakdale, near Pittsburg, recently gave birth to a calf with two heads and seven legs. Both the cow and calf died.

—Mr. Miles Finegan, of West Goshen township, Chester county, has a hen that lays a double-yolked egg every day. She has carried on this work so far for two weeks.

—The children of Mrs. Mary Terpura, of Allegheny, were found half starved and nearly naked. Investigation showed that the mother had $300 of her own money in the house.

—A mother propped up her baby in a chair in a photograph gallery in Columbus, Ohio, to have its picture taken, and then excused herself for a moment. She has not yet returned.

—Mr. John B. Gough is reported as saying recently that drunkenness has increased in this country in the last 25 years, and that there are now more ministers drinking and more women drinking than ever before.

—Three brothers named Eames are under arrest at Worcester, Mass., for a long series of burglaries in the neighboring towns. A large amount of stolen property has been recovered.

—Mr. Libby's barn, near Winfield, Kan., was carried away on Tuesday morning by a cyclone, and not even a fragment of it can be found in the neighborhood. So states an associated press dispatch.

—During a thunder storm at Foxburg, Pa., on Saturday night the lightning struck a 10,000 barrel oil tank belonging to the Fox Farm pipe line company. The tank was almost a total loss, together with its contents.

—A will was recently filed in Pittsburg by a colored man who claims to have been a teamster under General Harrison, "the hero of Tippecanoe," and to have himself killed Tecumseh, the famous Indian chief.

—Mr. Edmunds has presented a petition to the Senate, signed by a large number of ferocious ladies and gentlemen residing in the District of Columbia, asking for the enactment of a law designating castration as the penalty for rape.

—There is a lull in the iron trade—not quite so much "boom" as there was. Markets overstocked, every one rushing into the business, some people "getting their fingers burned," and that's what's the matter with the great business revival.

—Samuel Price and Edward Bainer, aged 14 and 15 respectively, while playing in a boat on Sunday evening, at Toronto, Canada, drifted out into the lake. The boat, containing their dead bodies, was found near Niagara on Tuesday morning.

—A convention of county, city, and borough superintendents of the public schools of the State, in which about one hundred superintendents are expected to take part, will convene in Harrisburg on the 20th of April and remain in session three days.

—The Kane *Blade* states that during the absence of Mrs. Frank Dale from home her 4-year old boy put matches in an old powder keg that it was supposed all the explosive material had been taken from. The boy was terribly injured and lived but two days.

—The temperance society at Dublin, Ohio, is called Ku-Klux, and seems to deserve the name, for the members have blown up two barrooms with powder. On the last occasion the building was totally demolished by the explosion of a keg of powder in the cellar.

—Ex-Minister Stoughton says that there is not a word of truth in the rumor that Grant will withdraw and that he is as certain to be the nominee of the Chicago convention as the sun is to rise. This settles it; unless some Joshua should arise at whose bidding the sun would stand still.

—Hon. Jacob Mueller, an ex-Lieutenant Governor and a prominent Republican of Ohio, after a careful survey of the political situation and a special investigation of the general feeling in that State, has expressed the opinion that if Grant is nominated the State will give a Democratic majority of 25,000 to 50,000.

—A. R. Corbin, who married Virginia Grant, sister of Gen. Grant, died in Jersey City on Sunday last at the age of 71 years. Mr. Corbin was the founder of the Missouri *Argus* (now the *Globe-Democrat*), served as clerk of a Congressional committee for sixteen years and was the first secretary of Prof. Morse's telegraph company.

—The choir of Trinity church, Pittsburg, were almost panic-stricken immediately after the Easter services on Sunday morning. They had just finished singing, and the congregation, the most aristocratic in that city, was being dismissed, when the platform gave way, precipitating them to the basement. Several of the members were slightly injured.

—Jessie Raymond, Senator Hill's Nemesis, has left Washington, with her baby, and gone South. Miss Raymond paid all her bills before leaving the city, and although heretofore supposed to be in utter poverty, carried away with her, it is said, some $800 in cash. Senator Hill declared to a newspaper man that he had not furnished her a cent of money, and that whether she remained in the city or not was a matter of indifference to him.

—Conductor Charles Duffy, of the Glen's Falls branch railroad, telegraphed to a railroad friend in Troy that he wanted a good cat to catch the numberless rats that infested his house. The Troy friend telegraphed Mr. Duffy's wish north and south, all along the line, where the conductor is well known and liked. The result was that on Tuesday thirty-four small boxes came to Mr. Duffy by express, and in each box was a cat in a good state of preservation.

—Vicar General Doane, of Newark, has raised to the dignity of a prelate of the Papal household, which carries with it the title of Right Rev. Monsignor. He is the first American priest who has been thus honered at the Roman court. Monsignor Doane, it will be remembered, is the son of the late Anglican Bishop of New Jersey, and a brother of the present Protestant Bishop of Albany. He entered the Catholic Church in early manhood and has made a brilliant reputation.

—Mrs. Grossman, of Berlin, Canada, is 26 years old, and has been married seven years. Yet she is the mother of twelve children, which might be appropriately described as two solitaires, two sets of twins, and two sets of triplets.

—A murder occurred on Wednesday night in Mason county, W. Va. Jesse Arthur and William Ray, who were both under the influence of liquor, quarrelled at a dance about a young woman. Ray bared his breast and dared Arthur to shoot. Arthur did, whereupon Ray shot twice, one ball striking Arthur in the heart and the other in the head.

—During a recent thunderstorm, the city hospital, located just east of Kansas City, was burned to the ground. It contained eighteen inmates, several of them suffering from disease and wounds, and the scenes that ensued were horrible. The unfortunates were carried or crawled out into the rain storm, and some of them were unprotected for nearly two hours. None were burned, but several will die from exposure. The main building was destroyed and the patients were taken care of for the night in the woman's ward.

—As Henry Clark, of Jefferson City, Mo., was driving to Cassville a stranger asked to ride, and his request was granted. The stranger proved a genial companion, and treated Mr. Clark to a cigar, which the latter puffed with enjoyment until he suddenly became dizzy, and nearly fell out of the wagon. The stranger caught him and set him down in the bottom of the wagon, and that was all that Mr. Clark remembered until two hours later, when he awoke to find that his pocketbook, with $165, was gone. Likewise the stranger.

—A special dispatch to the Chicago *Times* from Cairo, Ill., dated March 28, says: During a gale yesterday the stern line of the steamer Guiding Star became entangled in the wheel, and three roustabouts, two colored and one white, were ordered by the mate into the wheel to loosen it. While the pilot, unaware of their position, rang for the engineer to start, which he did, and before the men had time to escape, they were caught by the revolving wheel and dashed into the water. The colored men did not reappear and the white man was picked up alive, but horribly masked by the paddles of the wheel. He is not expected to recover.

—The oldest bishop in Catholic Christendom at present officiating—John, Archbishop of Tuam—entered his ninetieth year on Monday, March 15. He still sails about the wild isles of the West, carrying his crozier and preaching in the native tongue. He holds his monster stations on the hillsides and takes care of the interests of his arch-episcopal province. His Grace, who has lived and acted in more chapters of Hibernian history than any man of the age, is engaged in arranging his papers and his literary notes in such a form that when—possibly early in the next century—he shall go over to the majority his memoirs may easily be written.

—James Creese, a native of England, came to this country seven years ago, leaving his wife, son and daughter behind him. His son and wife followed him to this country soon afterward, and the family settled at Bergen Point, N. J. They intended to bring the girl from England as soon as they could save money enough to defray the expense, but when the sum had been saved, Mrs. Creese became sick and died—doctor's bills and funeral expenses ate up the fund. The son and father accumulated a second fund for the same purpose, when the son died, and the money was again diverted. The father heroically set himself to lay by another fund, and had again secured within a few dollars of the amount, when on Thursday last he died. He was buried on Saturday.

—A special telegram from Kittanning to the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, dated Sunday last, says: One of the largest caves discovered since the Mammoth, of Kentucky, was found on the farm of Casper Flick, in Madison township, Armstrong county, by some ore diggers in the early part of last week. A party of twenty from Kittanning explored it to-day, and pronounce it one of the greatest natural wonders of the age. The entrance to the cave is between two large rocks, and it is almost impossible for a man to creep in. The height ranges from six to twenty feet. The cave is divided into rooms, the partition being crystallized limestone of which the roof is also hanging full. Five balls of twine were unravelled, so that the party exploring could not lose themselves. It is thought to be four or five miles in length. A party from Kittanning will explore it to the end this week.

—George Smith, confined in the Williamsport jail on the charge of killing Andrew Miller, learning that Mrs. Miller and her children had made statements charging him with the murder, has made a full confession of his guilt. He states that, having decoyed the old man to the barn by making a noise, he laid in wait with a piece of hard wood edgings, five feet in length, and struck him a powerful blow on the back of the head, which felled him to the ground. The old man only exclaimed: "Oh!" a few times, when he struck him again and he was dead. He then went to the house, got a clothes-line from Mrs. Miller, which she had all ready for him, returned and swung Miller up in the barn all alone. He then went to the house and told the woman all about it. She cautioned the children to say nothing about their father's murder. They have both confessed, however, and their statements agree with that of Smith, so that the story of the atrocious crime is complete. Smith claims that the woman insisted that he should murder her husband, suggested the plan to decoy him out of the house, and proposed hanging him up with the clothes-line to allay suspicion and fixed upon that night for the commission of the crime.

A YOUNG WIFE of 18 years made her exit from this life of troubles and cares, at Pittsburg, by means of a revolver.—The husband, only two years older, had agreed with her to do the same, but she anticipated his action. An investigation brought to light the fact that this youthful couple entered into the married state against the remonstrances of their parents, that they had no means of support, and that the dream of wedded bliss was soon dispelled by the hum-drum of every day life and the necessities that come to all, however high or humble their stations in life may be. The trouble was that their inexperience did not allow them to meet the ills of life as they presented themselves. Unbounded love and seas of affection went out at the window when want and trouble entered at the door, and the result was they broke down under their no doubt first trials in life. This case affords another striking illustration of the extreme danger such young people encounter in starting out into life without being aware of the dangers in their way, and without the means of resisting them when they arise. The courage which led this young couple to defy the wishes of their friends should have been of the kind to also enable them to bear up under the difficulties certain to beset their paths. Poverty and disappointment led them to this sad end. Evidently they never gave this possible phase of their married life a thought. There are thousands of others who act with equal imprudence, and who may, in the end, encounter equally disastrous results.—*Lancaster New Era.*

PROFIT, $1,200.—"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness, costing $200 per year, total $1,200—all of this expense was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters taken by my wife. She has done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it, for their benefit." M. L. Oatman, is sole agent for Hop Bitters in Ebensburg.

The Gem Puzzle Maniac.

The fact was briefly noted among our news items last week that a stone mason named Daniel Conroy, of Erie, Pa., had become a raving maniac in consequence of his unavailing attempts to solve what is known as the 13-14-15 or gem puzzle. An exchange gives the following particulars of the sad affair:

Daniel Conroy, a first-class stone mason of Erie, with the physique of an athlete and with a normal disposition as gentle as the lamb, became a raving maniac by his absorbing contemplation of the 15 puzzle. His work, his family, sleep and food were at first forgotten in his ardent purpose to work the thing out. His wife first detected his frenzy. She saw him pick up one of their twin babies and pace the room in a singular manner. When she spoke to him he turned upon her with a yell of rage and she saw by the terrible look in his eye that he was out of his mind. She called in neighbors to appease him, but it availed not. The sight of the people enraged him the more, and only served to accelerate his strides through the house. Great fear was felt for the little boy he held in his hand, and an effort was made to get it away. The infuriated fifteen player drove them off, and in his frenzy was about to place his child upon the hot stove, when in rushed a posse of police, who succeeded in getting one handcuff on, but the other hand was held aloft and around the child, which, all unconscious of the terrible danger to which it was exposed, smiled at its maniac father as if the noise and confusion was created for its own diversion. The officers threw themselves upon him and finally succeeded in getting possession of the infant and securing the madman. The scene during this fearful struggle is beyond description.—The cries of the children, the shrieks of the mother, fearful for her babe in the powerful grasp of the maniac, the sharp exclamations of the officers, the fearful strife of the frantic and the grattlings of the little boy in such a dreadful clutch, made up a scene the reporter's pen cannot do full justice to.

The officers took the unfortunate man to the county jail for security, and he was lodged in a cell on the ground floor. Frequently the frenzied man threw himself upon the ground and put forth strength that none but a madman could possess, to free himself from the captors. A few hours after his incarceration Conroy was seen crouching at the furthermost end of the cell chalking out the game on the wall. Upon being discovered he sprang up with a loud cry and sprang himself with all his might against the iron-barred door. "Ha! ha! ha!" he cried, "I have it at last! Oh, thank God, I can do it—13, 14, 15. Let me out—6, 7, 8, 9. Where's my children? I'll set 'em into 15 block—1, 2, 3, 4. Give me some water, wretches—13, 15, 14. Oh, my God in heaven, what shall I do? Ha! ha! ha! She's a daisy! She's a darling!" and then the demented creature commenced to dance a breakdown. "See here," he exclaimed, beckoning to Mr. Staples and the reporter, "I'll show you how to solve it." He drew a nail from his pocket and lifting his bruised and bleeding hands high over his head he traced out sixteen squares on the iron wall. "There is a thousand dollars reward for a solution of this puzzle," said he, "and I have won it. It is mine! mine! mine!" and then he commenced beating his chest with his ironed hands.

Mrs. Conroy was found in tears, lamenting the trouble that had fallen upon her. "He is a kind, good man, and he would not harm a worm," said she. "My husband has not touched a drop of drink since Christmas. No, sir, there was no family trouble to upset his mind; it is all owing to that game of 15."

Later in the day Conroy's shrieks could be heard through the heavy doors, and when the reporter stood again in front of his cell the man came forward in a rude condition, he having torn off every strip of clothing from his body. "Jesus—Joseph—Mary. Joseph—Mary—Jesus, Mary—Jesus—Joseph," he yelled in a voice that rang through the iron corridors and made the prisoners turn pale. "I can't do it, I cannot do it then." He cries. He lies! Oh, the world is all made of squares." He executed another pas de deux with his bare feet and then commenced to beat upon the bars again.

The Irish Famine.

GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF THE EVICTION OF A TENANT FOR NON-PAYMENT OF RENT.

Mr. James Redpath in a letter from Ireland to the New York *Tribune* says:

Before I left Dublin to attend the indignation meeting at Ballybrophy, I read a letter from a Roman Catholic priest in a neighboring county, which I will publish in my February letter. However vile may be the stories I may have to tell of famine in the West, I cannot believe that there will be any greater illustration to depict of man's cruelty to man.

"In the midst of cries of distress around me," writes the Rev. Joseph Flood, the parish priest, "in the Clwan portion of my parish, white Protestants and Catholics here, as elsewhere, are struggling to keep together the body and soul of the victims of this year's visitation, I was hurried off to the Mead portion, no less distressed, to witness a scene—the first in my life—a heartless eviction of five whole families, thirty souls in all, of ages varying from 80 to 2 years.

"At 12 o'clock to-day, in the midst of a drizzling rain, when every man's lips are discussing how relief can be carried on to this home and that, an imposing spectacle presented itself through a quiet part of the parish of King's Court. A carriage, containing Mr. Hussey, jr., son of the agent of the estate of Lord Germaston. Behind and before the carriage came about a dozen of outside cars, with a resident magistrate, an inspector of police, about forty of Her Majesty's force, the Sheriff and some dozen of as rapacious-looking drivers and bailiffs as ever I had my eyes upon.

"There is dead silence at the halt before the first doomed door. That silence was broken by myself addressing the police, exhorting them to let the people in again after the vindication of the law, when, to my disgust, but not to my dismay, one of the crowd is observed by me taking notes.

"The sheriff formally asks: 'Have you the rent?'

"The trembling answer is: 'My God! how could I have the rent to-day?—and such a rent, on such a soil, in such a year as this?'

"'Get out!' is the word and right heartily the grippers set to work. On the dunghill is flung the couch, terrified children, and bedding. A search is made for pig or goat, and forthwith they share the fate of the evicted masters; the door is nailed, and the empty house is handed over to the next bidding. till every house has been visited and every soul set forth.

"At this moment there is a downpour of rain on them. And there they are, on that poor bed and bedding; and an old man, whose generations have passed their simple lives in that house, is sitting on a stone outside, with his head buried in his hands, thinking of the eighty-three years of it. And are these tenants to blame? No! It is on the records of this parish that they were about the most simple-minded, hard-working, honest and virtuous. Their only guilt is this, that an 'agreement' with my Lord Germaston, some five years ago, disfranchising them of any claim under the Land Act, and preventing the fair rise of any rent, together with the common misfortunes of the country these few years past, and this in particular, have left them unable to pay the entire rent of this year. Yes, the entire rent—the half, the nine-tenths of the rent would not be accepted. Priests joined the poor tenantry in petitioning again and again for a reduction, but the landlord would be content to distribute it pro rata among the bondholders.—In 1877 a decision was rendered by the Master of the Rolls to the effect that the fund must be applied to the construction of the road only and on the faith of this Messrs. P. & T. Collins, of this city, contracted for the construction of the railway. The amount of the contract was about $5,000,000, and payments were to be made from the fund in the Bank of England as the work went on. When the first payment was to be made, however, according to the contract, the bondholders appeared again and succeeded in obtaining an injunction restraining the payment of any money to the Messrs. Collins. Then followed a succession of lawsuits, which have come to a termination as already stated in the House of Lords, the highest judicial authority in Great Britain.

The Bellefonte *Watchman* proffers some very sound advice to the delegates to the Democratic State convention by saying to them:

The question for the Democrats who compose the next State convention to decide, will be whether the Democracy of this State *own and control their own actions*, or whether they are mere puppets to be carried around in the pockets of either Senator Wallace or Speaker Randall, and dance at the direction of whichever of those gentlemen happens to have the most friends in that body. Independence on the part of delegates will save the party the disgrace of being branded as the personal property of any man.

A NATIONAL ANTI-THIRD TERM CONVENTION.—The anti-third term executive committee of St. Louis has issued the following vigorously-worded call for an anti-third term national mass convention, to be held in that city on the 15th of May next:

Resolved, That we feel a profound interest in the approaching Presidential election, and in view of that interest we witness with alarm the evident purpose of some of our friends to commit the party to the monstrous policy of a third term nomination. We believe that the precedent established by Washington and patriotically adhered to by his successors in office is fully sanctioned by the wisest considerations of public policy. We endorse the language of Mr. Jefferson when he said: "At some termination to the services of the Chief Magistrate must be fixed by the Constitution or implied by practice, his office nominally for years will in fact become for life." The resolution adopted in the State Convention of the Republican party of Pennsylvania in 1875 still receives our most cordial approbation, to wit: "That we declare a firm and unqualified adherence to the unwritten law of the Republic, which, while wise and safe for the most venerable examples, limits the Presidential service of any citizen to two terms, and in recognition of this law we are unalterably opposed to the election to the Presidency of any person for a third term." We still adhere to the declaration of the principle made in the same year by the Republicans of New York when they announced their unalterable opposition to the election of any President for a third term, and we cordially commend as worthy of acceptance the Republican platform of Ohio, that the observance of the Washington example will be in the future, as it has been in the past, regarded as a fundamental rule in the unwritten law of the Republic. We sincerely believe in the wisdom and truth of the resolution adopted with great unanimity by the people's representatives in Congress assembled in December, 1875, "That the precedents established by Washington and other Presidents in retiring from the Presidential office after their second term has become by universal concurrence a part of our Republican system of government, and any departure from this time honored custom would be unwise, unpatriotic and fraught with peril to our free institutions." The nomination for a third term, or for a third term would thus overthrow an established precedent in our governmental policy and violate an usage possessing in popular judgment the authority of Constitutional law. Such a nomination, if made, can only be made in forgetfulness or in total disregard of the declared principles of the Republican party. The warning of Mr. Jefferson, in the maturity of experience and after many years of distinguished devotion to the country's welfare, is not forgotten. "That should a President consent to be a candidate for a third election I trust he would be rejected out his demonstration of ambitious views." In view of this evident purpose by a faction of the Republican party to secure the recognition of Grant, thereby endangering the success of the party and threatening to subvert policies hitherto accepted as the safeguards of our institutions, we issue this call for a National Mass Convention to assemble in St. Louis, on the 8th day of May next, to the end that a national organization may be perfected through which a proper expression of the American people against the principle of a third Presidential term may be secured to inaugurate a movement with the view of fixing a limit to the executive term by a Constitutional amendment and such other action as the Convention itself when assembled may deem proper and expedient.

"DON'T YOU DO IT!"

Don't part with your money until you know the truth. Interested parties are spreading the reports that MR. JOHN WANAMAKER is not interested in the old and famous OAK HALL Clothing business and does not personally direct its affairs.

Nothing could be more Untrue!

Mr. JOHN WANAMAKER has precisely the same relations to Oak Hall as in the past.

WANAMAKER & BROWN is what it has been ever since Mr. Brown died, 12 years ago.

Mr. JOHN WANAMAKER personally watches over the faithful preparation of the stock of MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING, and the conducting of the store. Nothing is allowed to pass his eye that is not straightforward and true to the interest of those who have patronized the house for 19 years and depend on its reliability.

From all appearances the year 1880 is to be the largest in sales ever known.

The READYMADE Department is Better Stocked!
The BOYS' Department is Better Stocked!!
The CUSTOM Department is Better Stocked!!!
The SHIRT Department is Better Stocked!!!!

All this will be apparent on FIRST SIGHT! Please call whenever you can and look through this BEEHIVE of a Building, so busy with its Hundreds of Workpeople and Customers. Do not forget that Clothing of the W. & B. make will stand better service than any other that can be got and that it does not cost any more (if as much) as other makes.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 2, 1880.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

HERE, THERE AND THE OTHER PLACE.

—They all go to Oatman's for wall paper.

—March marched out on Wednesday just like "even leedle sheep."

—Twelve and a half hours of daylight is at present vouchsafed us.

—Oatman still continues to lay all other merchants in the shade on low prices.

—The waters are well up.—*Hollidaysburg Standard.* Yes, that's right; they well up.

—Winter has just had its backbone broken again, and we hope it will stay broken this time.

—Dr. Jake Brallier, formerly of Ebensburg, but now of Philadelphia, weighs 230 pounds.

—Thunder and lightning on Saturday night, with rain quite enough to put the roads in a pickle.

—Six thousand five hundred dozens of eggs were sold at the Company's store, Johnstown, last week.

—The ladies all say that Oatman has the best display of fine shoes and gaiters that ever came in their way.

—All the ice-houses in town were filled last week with a superior quality of ice about four inches thick.

—A new addition has just been put to the already large and handsome store-room of M. L. Oatman, on High street.

—Coughing, croup and colds are alone cured by "Dr. Sellers' Cough Syrup," which is daily working miracles. Price 25c.

—An intoxicated man named Johnston fell off the Twelfth street bridge in Altoona, one night last week, and fractured an arm.

—Now that the Courts have decided that a railroad ticket is good until used, we would be glad to see them try their hands on eggs.

—We are glad to see our friend Mr. Lem. Davis again on the streets, after having recovered from a severe and somewhat protracted illness.

—Eight cars filled with passengers for the west, and comprising parties from Cambria, Blair and Huntingdon counties, left Johnstown on Thursday last.

—John Hainley, who resides at Blair Furnace, near Altoona, has been married three times and acknowledges himself the father of twenty-seven children.

—Not much danger of bread falling on the buttered side in this community just now. Those why butterless bread is the rule rather than the exception.

—Mrs. Hannah Parke, mother of the well known marble manufacturer, Mr. John Parke of Johnstown, died on Wednesday at the ripe old age of 78 years.

—An old man, aged 86, his wife, forty years younger, and their adopted child, age 10 added, went over the hill to the poor-house from Altoona on Monday last.

—So is the pressure of work at the P. R. R. passenger car and cabinet shops in Altoona that the employees are at present obliged to work thirteen hours per day.

—Two tramps were turned out of jail last week, reducing the number of prisoners in the institution to 18, or about one-half the complement which prevailed during the past three years.

—The Clearfield *Republican* says that a rail-head in the river on Monday morning caused considerable stir among lumbermen, and quite a number of rafts passed by on their way to market.

—The diseases of babyhood are so rapidly spreading that the quickest means should be used to check them. Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is the unfailing remedy for these complaints. Price 25 cents.

—Owen Cunningham, whose term in the Hollidaysburg jail is said to have been only sixteen days instead of eighteen months, is said to have been visible to the naked eye in the place on Wednesday last.

—The Carrolltown *News* will this week complete the first year of its existence, and commemorate the event by increasing its subscription price, owing to the advance in paper, from $1.25 to $1.50 per annum.

—Mr. John Earns, a grand-nephew of John Potts, of Johnstown, and a resident of that city to the starving poor of Ireland.

—Another New Railroad Project.—We clip the following from the Johnstown *Daily Tribune* of Saturday last:

We are directed to inform our readers and all others interested that a public meeting of those favorable to the construction of a railroad from Altoona to Chest Springs, and, ultimately, from Chest Springs to Carrolltown, to intersect with a railroad to that point from Cherrytree, will be held at Chest Springs on the 17th day of April, coming, Foster Baker, of Altoona; James Peaty & Son, of Chest Springs; D. & C. Moore, of Altoona; Dodd, Mellon & Mellon, and Snapp, and Shields, of Chest Springs, and many other prominent business men and capitalists are interested in this project. We are profiled to think the proposed road, if constructed, will be a great and the same time consult your own interest by patronizing Simon & Bendheim, next door to the First National Bank, Altoona, when ready to buy your new suit or winter clothing. Their stock is fresh stylish, serviceable and cheap, and warranted in all instances to be just as represented.

—Two tramps were turned out of jail last week, reducing the number of prisoners in the institution to 18, or about one-half the complement which prevailed during the past three years.

—The Clearfield *Republican* says that a rail-head in the river on Monday morning caused considerable stir among lumbermen, and quite a number of rafts passed by on their way to market.

—The diseases of babyhood are so rapidly spreading that the quickest means should be used to check them. Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is the unfailing remedy for these complaints. Price 25 cents.

—Owen Cunningham, whose term in the Hollidaysburg jail is said to have been only sixteen days instead of eighteen months, is said to have been visible to the naked eye in the place on Wednesday last.

—The Carrolltown *News* will this week complete the first year of its existence, and commemorate the event by increasing its subscription price, owing to the advance in paper, from $1.25 to $1.50 per annum.

—Mr. John Earns, a grand-nephew of John Potts, of Johnstown, and a resident of that city to the starving poor of Ireland.

—Another New Railroad Project.—We clip the following from the Johnstown *Daily Tribune* of Saturday last:

We are directed to inform our readers and all others interested that a public meeting of those favorable to the construction of a railroad from Altoona to Chest Springs, and, ultimately, from Chest Springs to Carrolltown, to intersect with a railroad to that point from Cherrytree, will be held at Chest Springs on the 17th day of April, coming, Foster Baker, of Altoona; James Peaty & Son, of Chest Springs; D. & C. Moore, of Altoona; Dodd, Mellon & Mellon, and Snapp, and Shields, of Chest Springs, and many other prominent business men and capitalists are interested in this project. We are profiled to think the proposed road, if constructed, will be a great and the same time consult your own interest by patronizing Simon & Bendheim, next door to the First National Bank, Altoona, when ready to buy your new suit or winter clothing. Their stock is fresh stylish, serviceable and cheap, and warranted in all instances to be just as represented.

—A three-column advertisement of that greatest and most wonderful of mercantile marts, Wanamaker's Grand Depot, Philadelphia, reached us a little too late for insertion this week. It will make its debut in the next issue of the FREEMAN.

—A Welsh literary and musical festival, known in the vernacular as an eisteddfodd, was held at the Congregational church five miles north of Ebensburg last Friday. It was largely attended, and the exercises are said to have been of much interest.

—The Carrolltown *News* apologizes in a queer sort of a way for having printed bogus Democratic tickets last fall, but as a poor excuse is said to be better than none, Brother Williams is certainly entitled to some credit for having made a clean breast of it.

—A Jordan township correspondent informs the Clearfield *Republican* that Robert Hunter one day last week sold a six-year-old cow which weighed 1,580 pounds. If anybody else can furnish more beef in the same amount of hide, let us have the returns.

—Mrs. R. E. Jones, of millinery fame, extends a very pressing invitation to all persons indebted to her to call within the next few days and pay what they owe, as she is anxious to lay in her Spring stock as soon as possible, and must have money to do it.

—Messrs. John and Thomas J. Brawley, executors of Michael Brawley, late of Portage township, deceased, will offer at public sale, on Saturday, April 10th, a lot of live stock, produce, farming utensils, household furniture, etc. See posters printed at this office.

—A fox which was neither grey, red nor black, but had a grey stripe on each side, while the rest of the body was black, was killed in Cherryhill township, Indiana county, a few days ago. Reynard was of the female persuasion, very large, and the mother of five pups.

—The trial of Jacob A. Harrold, who is known to fame or otherwise as the greatest Coroner Cambria county ever had, will begin in Pittsburgh on Monday, April 12th. Mr. Harrold, as our readers well know, is charged with some very crooked transactions in pension papers.

—Mrs. F. M. Woleslagle, formerly of Wilmore, but more recently of Kansas, died of consumption at the residence of her son-in-law, Daniel J. Pringle, in Cambria borough, on Sunday evening last, aged about 55 years. The remains were interred at Wilmore on Wednesday.

—Mr. John E. Jones, (Camp Hill,) a well known and respected resident of Cambria township, died at his home on Tuesday of last week, at the advanced age of 91 years. During the twelve years immediately preceding his decease Mr. Jones had been totally blind.

—According to the by-laws of the corporation, the time for the payment of the sixth assessment of the Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Cambria County expired yesterday. We understand that the bulk of the moneys levied had been handed in to the Treasurer.

—Nick Freidhoff and Jesse Bolsinger went on a "churn-ey" a few days ago to the south of the county, where they succeeded in disposing of seventy-one Duplex churns, which they claim are the best ever made, in the remarkably brief period considering the work done of ninety-six hours.

—Frankstown township, now a comparatively small portion of Blair county, was considerable of an affair in 1786, when it comprised the entire territory now embraced in Blair, Cambria, Clearfield and Centre counties, as well as portions of Bedford, Huntingdon and Indiana.

—Mr. Moss Moser, the Altoona grocer who was charged with taking improper liberties with a little girl named Stonebraker, as noticed in our local department last week, had a hearing before Recorder Greevey on Tuesday last, and was honorably acquitted of the charge preferred against him.

—The Bellefonte *Watchman* tells of a dead-born calf in that county which had two perfect heads, four eyes and three ears. Otherwise the *lusus naturæ* was gotten up in the usual style, except that the hind legs started from the body where the hips in a properly constructed calf always are.

—Most Reverend Thomas W. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, Ireland, has written a very touching letter to the venerable Father John Walsh, of Altoona, in acknowledgment of the receipt of £211, 9s. 4d., sterling, as the contribution of the generous people of that city to the starving poor of Ireland.

—A piece of red-hot metal flew from the "squeezers" at the Cambria Iron Works, Johnstown, on Saturday morning last, and striking Walter Stewart in the eye, not only destroyed the sight of said optic, but burned him so badly that his sufferings for a time were of the most excruciating character.

—Thomas C. McDowell, Esq., at one time a well known resident of this place, but who has been a citizen of Harrisburg since he left here, returned to that city last week from Honolulu, the capital of the Sandwich Islands, where he has been engaged the past four or five years in publishing a newspaper.

—Richard Repine, of North Mahoning township, Indiana county, had one of his legs broken week before last by being struck by an oar which a strong wind blew against him while standing on a timber raft. Richard therefore has just cause to Repine, though he may be thankful that both legs didn't catch it.

—Dr. M. R. B. Creery, surgeon dentist, of this place, will pay professional visits to Loretto and Chest Springs on Monday and Tuesday respectively of next week. As the Doctor is a clever gentleman and skilful dentist, we cordially commend him to the friendship and patronage of all our readers in said localities.

—After a residence in our midst extending over twenty-three years, Mr. Abram Blain and family last Tuesday departed for Johnstown, where their future home will be. We bear testimony to the good character of Mr. Blain and his excellence as a tonsorial artist, and trust his lines may prove to have fallen in pleasant places.

—Webster Evans, otherwise and more familiarly known as "Crooked" Evans, a youthful disciple of Faust and Guttenburg, has accepted a situation in the Johnstown *Tribune* office, which he is now filling to the entire satisfaction we hope of his employer. May the "Crooked" places in life's pathway be made straight for our young friend.

—Two weeks ago yesterday an eighty-two year old inmate of the Huntingdon county almshouse, named George Snack, wandered away from that institution, and nothing was known as to his whereabouts until the following Tuesday, when his lifeless remains were found in a cornfield in the vicinity, where he had no doubt died from exposure.

—Brother Haines, of the Altoona *Evening Call*, did us proud when he assured us the other day that the FREEMAN was the only weekly paper in Cambria county which is favored with a daily copy of his spirited and spicy little sheet. We *Call* that a compliment to the FREEMAN, and one which Brother Haines can rest assured is duly appreciated.

—Mr. Evan J. Evans, of Cambria township, informs the Johnstown *Tribune* that the snow was so deep in this place during the winter of 1838-9 that a person standing in the blacksmith shop of Mr. John Evans, deceased, was unable to see the first story of a hotel immediately opposite, kept at the time by Mr. Jacob Mack, who died a half dozen years ago.

—A young man named John Dougherty, formerly of Tyrone, dropped dead from heart disease near Pittsburgh on Saturday last. What makes his death the more notable is that his mother died in the same way in Tyrone about three weeks before. His remains were taken to the latter place and interred in the Catholic cemetery. May he rest in peace.

—After having reached a depth of 1,564 feet, the tools in the Jackson township experimental oil well were last Thursday lost. There is some talk of foul play in connection with the mishap, but it was likely one of those accidents which will happen. The hole, which was nearly down to the required depth, 2,000 feet, will be abandoned and a new one sunk close by.

—The FREEMAN extends its sincere condolence to our friend and occasional correspondent, Mr. J. O. Creery, of Cherrytree, on the loss of his only child, an infant son, whose death is recorded in our obituary department this week. The little innocent fell a victim to that dreadful scourge, diphtheria, which Mr. Creery assures us is quite prevalent in that vicinity just now.

—We noticed in these columns week before last the death of a little son of Mr. Elisha Bennett, of Lower Yoder township, who was kicked in the abdomen by one of his youthful associates, and now it becomes our duty to note the death from diphtheria, on Thursday last, of a six-year-old daughter of the same gentleman. How true it is that misfortunes never come singly.

—While cutting ice on Griffith's dam, a short distance south of town, Thursday of last week, Silas Wherry had the misfortune to break through and sink to the bottom. A companion named Howard Beynon went to his assistance, and he too fell into the water. After considerable trouble, both were rescued, though not until after Mr. Wherry had lapsed into a condition of unconsciousness.

—Gen. Joseph McDonald has once more assumed the duties of Deputy Prothonotary and Deputy Clerk of the Court of Oyer and Terminer and Quarter Sessions of the Peace, having been called thereto by Prothonotary O'Donnell and duly qualified on Monday last by Register and Recorder Lake. No one who knows the General will doubt for a moment his ability to fill the bill to perfection.

—Having looked in on the ancient village of Newry for the first time in many years, and having throughout life remained true to the Father Mathew pledge taken there about thirty-three years ago from the hands of the now venerable but exceedingly well preserved pastor, Rev. Father Bradly, we can say in all sincerity that Newry even yet has more charms for us than Old Rye ever had.

—George Argner and Frank Kurtz, of Cambria borough, attempted to navigate a cow the other day by catching her by the horns, but the wilful brute had so great an aversion to that kind of navigation that she started off at break-neck speed and finally threw the gentleman first named to the ground with so much violence that one of his legs was fractured between the knee and ankle.

—Dr. A. M. Kelm left our town on Monday morning last, *en route* for Bethlehem, Pa., where his mother resides and where he will remain until about the beginning of May next, when he and Dr. Wm. Eck, recently of Carrolltown, will sail for Germany, where they intend to have themselves put through a course of medical sprouts before they return to this country. May their brightest anticipations be fully realized.

—Mr. James Stevens, a farmer living on the head waters of Blair's Creek, in Juniata township, Blair county, and who, by the way, is not unknown in this community, cleared last fall and planted in wheat a field of six acres. The wheat looked very promising until it was discovered by a herd of deer that made it their feeding ground and eventually destroyed the entire crop. As many as seven deer have been seen feeding in the field at one time—four large bucks and three does.

—Dr. J. M. Patterson, of Washington county, has bought the practice and become the successor of Dr. S. H. Decker, who during the past three years has been quite successful in curing the ills to which flesh is heir to and about Lilly's Station, this county, but for the present intends, if he has not already done so, to return to his parental home at New Florence, Westmoreland county, where he will remain for a few months to recuperate his health. Both gentlemen have our best wishes for their future welfare.

—A festival in aid of the Congregational church was held at the Court House on Tuesday evening last, and although it came almost unannounced so far as the public was concerned, we are glad to learn that it was well attended and that quite a handsome sum was realized. More than that, and better than that for the printer man personally, the ladies who had charge of the festival did us the kindness to send us an ample supply of luscious jelly cake, for which they will please accept the thanks of the editorial household.

—The Huntingdon *Globe* says that George B. Cox, of Warriorsmark, who was committed to jail for beating his son-in-law, Emanuel Downing, has been released on bail for his appearance at Court, and from the information it has been able to gather, and which it considers reliable, the affair was nothing more than an ordinary fight, in which Cox's son and son-in-law suffered about alike. Downing, it is further declared, was never in the critical condition he is reported to have been, and the sensational and highly colored stories about the affair are therefore entirely unwarranted.

—A freight brakeman whose name we did not learn had one of his legs broken and was badly cut about the head at New Florence, Westmoreland county, on Tuesday of last week, by jumping from his train in order to escape more serious injury, if not death, which threatened to overtake him in consequence of the engine of another train colliding with the rear end of his own and causing somewhat of a wreck. Another employe of the P. R. R. had three of his fingers nipped at New Derry on the same day by having them caught between the deadwood of two cars he was engaged in coupling.

—A young man named P. J. Ryder, son of Michael G. Ryder, of Altoona, challenges "any man in Blair, Cambria or Huntingdon counties to walk fair heel and toe for $50 a side and the ten or twelve hour championship of the three counties," the match to take place in Altoona some time during the present month and the winner to receive the stakes and one-half the gate money, less expenses. Young Ryder evidently has an abiding faith in his ability to get over a great deal of ground in a very short space of time, and the only conclusion to be reached, if he tells the truth about himself, is that he is a better walker than he is a Ryder.

—The Tyrone *Herald* tells how a terrible railroad accident was fortunately averted on Tuesday of last week as well by the presence of mind and prompt action of Mr. Samuel L. Isenberg, ticket agent at Birmingham, as by the fact that the Day Express east was two minutes behind time. It seems that a large tree had been blown down and fell across the track just about the time the train was due at Birmingham, and that Mr. Isenberg, discovering the obstruction, ran up around the curve with all the speed he could muster and stopped the coming train just in time to avert a disaster which in all probability would have resulted in loss of life and property.

—Mrs. Ruth Brothers, a maiden lady residing in Altoona, found two bundles lying on the mat at her front door on Friday evening last, and on further inspection discovered that one of the bundles contained a pretty little baby of the feminine gender, while the other comprised several articles of infantile wearing apparel, in a rather dilapidated condition, as well as a note from "A Mother," in which the little waif is commended to the care and love of the recipient, and the writer represents herself being heart-broken and friendless. In case no proper person proposes to adopt the little foundling, Miss Ruth intends to bestow upon it a Brothers' —no, a sister's love and care.

—Lieut. J. M. Thompson, at his store on High street, has lately received a large lot of Spring samples of clothing for men and boys from Wanamaker & Brown, Philadelphia, and holds himself always in readiness to take the measure of anybody who wants the very latest styles. Orders sent by Mr. Thompson will be filled as cheaply as if put in at Wanamaker & Brown's headquarters, and a perfect fit in all cases is guaranteed.

—While Emma Delver, a little girl residing in Conemaugh township, was standing close to the front door of the school house which she attends on Wednesday of last week, the door was blown shut, and, striking her, forced a needle that was sticking in her dress into her breast. A physician was sent for, but he could not remove the needle without performing an operation, and it was allowed to remain in her body. It is thought that it will work its way out.

—A Westmoreland county pauper named John Goehring was taken to the insane department of the Allegheny city almshouse on the 5th of February last, he being at the time afflicted with *delirium tremens*, and on the following day, as has been learned by disclosures just made by another inmate of that department, Goehring was so shockingly beaten and abused by R. B. Crawford, who has charge of the insane, and also by a weak-minded inmate named Coolhoff, who was assisting Crawford to subdue the unfortunate man, that he died soon after. Crawford and Coolhoff have both been arrested on a charge of murder where they will have a better chance than ever to cool off.

—We are in receipt of a very interesting letter from our typographical associate of more than a quarter of a century ago, Mr. John A. Kooken, dated at Peterson, Peru, Cal., and although it seems to have been written exclusively for our own private ear, so to speak, the fact that there is a law against privateering is not the only one which will prompt us to publish the letter next week. Meantime we hold ourself in readiness to "acknowledge the corn" direct from the fertile valleys of the Andes, four hundred miles back of Lima, in Peru, a few samples of which Mr. Kooken informs us he sent us by the same mail which brought his letter, but which as yet have failed to reach us.

—The Somerset *Herald* of last week says that one of the most sickening accidents it has ever been its duty to record, happened at a steam saw mill at Rockwood, on the previous Friday. Mrs. Anthony Growall, an aged and esteemed lady of that place, was at the mill gathering chips and kindling. For this purpose she had gotten under the table on one side of the circular saw. The engineer, not noticing her, started the engine. Just as the unfortunate lady was directly under the saw, a woolen hood which she wore caught in the teeth, and in an instant the rapidly revolving saw had penetrated her head from the crown to the chin, literally sawing it in two. Of course death was instantaneous.

—In referring to the card of Mr. Charles Langbein, who four weeks ago announced himself for the first time through the FREEMAN as a candidate for nomination for Prothonotary, we endorsed his qualifications, simply adding that Mr. John Lynch, of Summitville, who was then the only other publicly announced candidate, was an opponent in every respect the "peer" of Mr. Langbein. This was all as harmless as it was true, but we have been actually told that the word "peer" was the cause of much discussion and grave complaint on the part of a few persons in town who claim to be Mr. L.'s special friends, and who roundly berated us for having referred to him in such a slighting and offensive manner as to intimate that he was a peer of Messrs. John Stutzman and Thos. Hamill, all of Harrisburg and all employes of the P. R. R., were badly burned about the face and hands, and one of them considerably bruised on the leg by being thrown against the ceiling, on Tuesday evening last, by an explosion of gas in a small brick building in Altoona in which gas tanks, etc., are located. A small engine is used to pump gas from the city gas works into reservoirs in the building, where it is kept under heavy pressure for the supply of passenger cars, and it was while hunting for a leak in one of the pipes with a lighted match that the explosion occurred. The injured men were cared for by the Company's surgeon, and sent home in a special car the same night.

—It seems after all that the young man who sailed under the name of Adam Pfaff, not Pfoff, as the "intelligent compositor" made us say last week, and who stole a horse and watch from Mr. Luke Bush, of Carrolltown, in this way, is not the only one who has been thrown from the animal in Altoona, had a right to the name he assumed, his true name being either Hohmann or Brown. Adam H. Pfaff, it appears, when at home lives in Cambria borough, but he is at present a student at St. Vincent's College, in Westmoreland county, while Brown is a scoundrel of the worst kind, who pretends to be a Methodist preacher, and who, by the name of Brown, is in high. Its location will be on the grounds occupied by the present Court House, and nearly in the center of the square. For the successful carrying out of this plan, it will become necessary to raze both the present Court House and the old jail. Seven architects have suggested their willingness to furnish plans, specifications, estimates, etc., to wit: Peter J. Criste, Milton, Pa.; W. L. Plack, Altoona; D. S. Gendell, Philadelphia; Thomas P. Evans, Pittsburgh; Edward M. Butts, Allegheny; M. E. Beebe, Buffalo, N. Y., and M. Hughes, Philipsburg, Pa. Each of these architects has been written to, and their answers are awaited by the board of Commissioners.

—We paid a kind of a "hop, skip and jump" visit to the old and hospitable town of Newry, in Blair county, on Monday last, and while there held pleasant intercourse with quite a number of worthy citizens and esteemed friends of other days, among whom were Messrs. Adam Hoover, T. L. Kerin, Henry and Frank McIntosh, Frank McCoy, Charles Conrad, John Campbell, and Dr. Beegle. Mr. Adam Hoover and Messrs. Henry and Frank McIntosh are among the leading and successful merchants of the ancient village, and also constant readers of the FREEMAN, while Mr. McCoy, it is believed, is the only hotel keeper in the place. F. P. Tierney, Esq., Altoona "did" the town on the same occasion, and it is needless to say that two such distinguished visitors as Frank and ourself (?) created somewhat of a sensation for the time being. Selah!

—Greensburg has just had another tragedy, the second within a period of less than six months. This one occurred on Saturday night last, and resulted in the death of a man named Chiselm. It appears that Chiselm's wife ordered Mac Dixon, proprietor of a saloon, not to sell her husband liquor. Chiselm, who was somewhat intoxicated, called at the saloon and ordered drinks, which were refused. He then quarreled with Dixon, who knocked him down. Getting up he walked towards the stove grumbling, when Dixon hit him a second time, again knocking him down causing him to fall on his head and breaking his neck. His body was then taken outside and placed against the house, where it was found by the sheriff. Dixon was arrested and lodged in jail this morning. He bears a bad reputation, having already served a term in prison.

—It is rumored that the Kern family, of which Mr. George W. Kern, of Armagh, Indiana county, is a member, will soon come into possession of a fabulous fortune, but, like ninety-nine out of one hundred rumors of a like nature, we fear it is too good to be true. The story goes that the Kern family of Holland loaned the government a sum of money for a term of ninety-nine years—that said time has just expired, and that the principal and interest to date amounts—hold your breath!—to the extraordinary sum of $200,000,000. The story further states, further stated, came to Pennsylvania some time between 1727 and 1776, and that their heirs are scattered over this and other States, one branch of which, residing in Kokoma, Indiana, is said to have made the startling discovery. We only hope the story is true in every particular, as our legal friend and neighbor, T. W. Dick, Esq., is married to a daughter of Mr. George W. Kern, aforesaid, and of course would come in for a half million, more or less, of the shekels. Then indeed would all his friends and neighbors rise up and call him—Kern-el Dick!

—Lieut. J. M. Thompson, at his store on High street, has lately received a large lot of Spring samples of clothing for men and boys from Wanamaker & Brown, Philadelphia, and holds himself always in readiness to take the measure of anybody who wants the very latest styles. Orders sent by Mr. Thompson will be filled as cheaply as if put in at Wanamaker & Brown's headquarters, and a perfect fit in all cases is guaranteed.

—While Emma Delver, a little girl residing in Conemaugh township, was standing close to the front door of the school house which she attends on Wednesday of last week, the door was blown shut, and, striking her, forced a needle that was sticking in her dress into her breast. A physician was sent for, but he could not remove the needle without performing an operation, and it was allowed to remain in her body. It is thought that it will work its way out.

—A Westmoreland county pauper named John Goehring was taken to the insane department of the Allegheny city almshouse on the 5th of February last, he being at the time afflicted with *delirium tremens*, and on the following day, as has been learned by disclosures just made by another inmate of that department, Goehring was so shockingly beaten and abused by R. B. Crawford, who has charge of the insane, and also by a weak-minded inmate named Coolhoff, who was assisting Crawford to subdue the unfortunate man, that he died soon after. Crawford and Coolhoff have both been arrested on a charge of murder where they will have a better chance than ever to cool off.

—We are in receipt of a very interesting letter from our typographical associate of more than a quarter of a century ago, Mr. John A. Kooken, dated at Peterson, Peru, Cal., and although it seems to have been written exclusively for our own private ear, so to speak, the fact that there is a law against privateering is not the only one which will prompt us to publish the letter next week. Meantime we hold ourself in readiness to "acknowledge the corn" direct from the fertile valleys of the Andes, four hundred miles back of Lima, in Peru, a few samples of which Mr. Kooken informs us he sent us by the same mail which brought his letter, but which as yet have failed to reach us.

—The Somerset *Herald* of last week says that one of the most sickening accidents it has ever been its duty to record, happened at a steam saw mill at Rockwood, on the previous Friday. Mrs. Anthony Growall, an aged and esteemed lady of that place, was at the mill gathering chips and kindling. For this purpose she had gotten under the table on one side of the circular saw. The engineer, not noticing her, started the engine. Just as the unfortunate lady was directly under the saw, a woolen hood which she wore caught in the teeth, and in an instant the rapidly revolving saw had penetrated her head from the crown to the chin, literally sawing it in two. Of course death was instantaneous.

—In referring to the card of Mr. Charles Langbein, who four weeks ago announced himself for the first time through the FREEMAN as a candidate for nomination for Prothonotary, we endorsed his qualifications, simply adding that Mr. John Lynch, of Summitville, who was then the only other publicly announced candidate, was an opponent in every respect the "peer" of Mr. Langbein. This was all as harmless as it was true, but we have been actually told that the word "peer" was the cause of much discussion and grave complaint on the part of a few persons in town who claim to be Mr. L.'s special friends, and who roundly berated us for having referred to him in such a slighting and offensive manner as to intimate that he was a peer of Messrs. John Stutzman and Thos. Hamill, all of Harrisburg and all employes of the P. R. R., were badly burned about the face and hands, and one of them considerably bruised on the leg by being thrown against the ceiling, on Tuesday evening last, by an explosion of gas in a small brick building in Altoona in which gas tanks, etc., are located. A small engine is used to pump gas from the city gas works into reservoirs in the building, where it is kept under heavy pressure for the supply of passenger cars, and it was while hunting for a leak in one of the pipes with a lighted match that the explosion occurred. The injured men were cared for by the Company's surgeon, and sent home in a special car the same night.

—It seems after all that the young man who sailed under the name of Adam Pfaff, not Pfoff, as the "intelligent compositor" made us say last week, and who stole a horse and watch from Mr. Luke Bush, of Carrolltown, in this way, is not the only one who has been thrown from the animal in Altoona, had a right to the name he assumed, his true name being either Hohmann or Brown. Adam H. Pfaff, it appears, when at home lives in Cambria borough, but he is at present a student at St. Vincent's College, in Westmoreland county, while Brown is a scoundrel of the worst kind, who pretends to be a Methodist preacher, and who, by the name of Brown, is in high. Its location will be on the grounds occupied by the present Court House, and nearly in the center of the square. For the successful carrying out of this plan, it will become necessary to raze both the present Court House and the old jail. Seven architects have suggested their willingness to furnish plans, specifications, estimates, etc., to wit: Peter J. Criste, Milton, Pa.; W. L. Plack, Altoona; D. S. Gendell, Philadelphia; Thomas P. Evans, Pittsburgh; Edward M. Butts, Allegheny; M. E. Beebe, Buffalo, N. Y., and M. Hughes, Philipsburg, Pa. Each of these architects has been written to, and their answers are awaited by the board of Commissioners.

—We paid a kind of a "hop, skip and jump" visit to the old and hospitable town of Newry, in Blair county, on Monday last, and while there held pleasant intercourse with quite a number of worthy citizens and esteemed friends of other days, among whom were Messrs. Adam Hoover, T. L. Kerin, Henry and Frank McIntosh, Frank McCoy, Charles Conrad, John Campbell, and Dr. Beegle. Mr. Adam Hoover and Messrs. Henry and Frank McIntosh are among the leading and successful merchants of the ancient village, and also constant readers of the FREEMAN, while Mr. McCoy, it is believed, is the only hotel keeper in the place. F. P. Tierney, Esq., Altoona "did" the town on the same occasion, and it is needless to say that two such distinguished visitors as Frank and ourself (?) created somewhat of a sensation for the time being. Selah!

—Greensburg has just had another tragedy, the second within a period of less than six months. This one occurred on Saturday night last, and resulted in the death of a man named Chiselm. It appears that Chiselm's wife ordered Mac Dixon, proprietor of a saloon, not to sell her husband liquor. Chiselm, who was somewhat intoxicated, called at the saloon and ordered drinks, which were refused. He then quarreled with Dixon, who knocked him down. Getting up he walked towards the stove grumbling, when Dixon hit him a second time, again knocking him down causing him to fall on his head and breaking his neck. His body was then taken outside and placed against the house, where it was found by the sheriff. Dixon was arrested and lodged in jail this morning. He bears a bad reputation, having already served a term in prison.

—It is rumored that the Kern family, of which Mr. George W. Kern, of Armagh, Indiana county, is a member, will soon come into possession of a fabulous fortune, but, like ninety-nine out of one hundred rumors of a like nature, we fear it is too good to be true. The story goes that the Kern family of Holland loaned the government a sum of money for a term of ninety-nine years—that said time has just expired, and that the principal and interest to date amounts—hold your breath!—to the extraordinary sum of $200,000,000. The story further states, further stated, came to Pennsylvania some time between 1727 and 1776, and that their heirs are scattered over this and other States, one branch of which, residing in Kokoma, Indiana, is said to have made the startling discovery. We only hope the story is true in every particular, as our legal friend and neighbor, T. W. Dick, Esq., is married to a daughter of Mr. George W. Kern, aforesaid, and of course would come in for a half million, more or less, of the shekels. Then indeed would all his friends and neighbors rise up and call him—Kern-el Dick!

GRATEFUL WOMEN.—None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women. It is the only remedy peculiarly adapted to the many ills the sex is almost universally subject to. Chills and fever, indigestion or deranged liver, constant or periodical sick headaches, weakness in the back or kidneys, pain in the shoulders and different parts of the body, a feeling of lassitude and despondency, are all readily removed by these Bitters.

PALATABLE MEDICINES.—Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a honeyed drop of relief; his Catharic Pills glide sugar-shod over the palate; and his Sarsaparilla is a nectar that imparts vigor to life, restores the health and expels disease.—*Waterford (Pa.) Advertiser.*

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Michigan, will send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon 30 days trial. Speedy cures guaranteed. They mean what they say. Write to them without delay. [3-12.-0¼m.]

FASHION NOTES.—Fur collars are little worn by ladies this season, and this will give rise to many severe coughs and colds. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is a certain and safe cure in every case. Price 25 cts.

AN OLD PHILADELPHIA LANDMARK GOING.—We copy the following for the most part from Friday's issue of the Philadelphia *Evening News*, and as a prelude to its introduction wish to say that the extensive, well known and popular firm of Young, Smyth, Field & Co., of which mention is made in the article, numbers among its large corps of salesmen our particular friend J. Patton Thompson, who needs no introduction in this community, and who does a big trade in the western part of the State, where he is well known and very generally esteemed for his social and business qualities. The *Evening News* says:

With the demolition of the Allegheny House, at No. 819 Market street, the work on which begins to-day, another old landmark of this city will be removed. Upon the sight of the hotel is to be erected by Young, Smyth, Field & Co., wholesale notion and white goods dealers, one of the largest and most complete buildings devoted to their line of trade in this country.

The first floor of the Allegheny House of to-day was somewhere about thirty or forty years ago, occupied by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company as a freight depot, and it is also said as an immigrant passenger depot, the hotel proper being in the upper stories of the building. When the railroad company moved away from there the whole building was used as a hotel, and one of its first proprietors, if not the first, was a Mrs. Shedaker, who afterward kept the hotel at 8th and Spring Garden streets. At this time the Allegheny was considered one of the largest hotels in the city, the Continental not being in existence, and its principal rivals of greater size were the Merchants' Hotel on 4th street and the Washington and Jones Hotels on Chestnut street. The Allegheny, indeed during its entire history, been a favorite resort for actors and actresses and particularly circus and menagerie people. A day or two since a very old man entered the hotel, knowing it was to be destroyed, and taking the proprietor to a room on the second floor pointed to a spot on the wall and said as soon as the carpenters got there they would be found indelibly marked on the brick wall, where he placed it in the year 1812.—The ground upon which the building now stands belongs to the old Ridgway estate and has never been sold, although the proprietorship of the hotel has changed hands several times.

The new store which Young, Smyth, Field & Co., now at 429 Market street, will erect their new building has a frontage of 40 feet, and it extends 200 feet in depth. The new office will be built in large measure of iron, and will be five stories high. It will be equipped with all the modern improvements in business establishments, such as telephones, elevators (of which there will be three), offices for the several departments, rooms for salesmen and private waiting rooms for lady customers.

ANOTHER NEW RAILROAD PROJECT.—We clip the following from the Johnstown *Daily Tribune* of Saturday last:

We are directed to inform our readers and all others interested that a public meeting of those favorable to the construction of a railroad from Altoona to Chest Springs, and, ultimately, from Chest Springs to Carrolltown, to intersect with a railroad to that point from Cherrytree, will be held at Chest Springs on the 17th day of April, coming, Foster Baker, of Altoona; James Peaty & Son, of Chest Springs; D. & C. Moore, of Altoona; Dodd, Mellon & Mellon, and Snapp, and Shields, of Chest Springs, and many other prominent business men and capitalists are interested in this project. We are profiled to think the proposed road, if constructed, will be a great and the same time consult your own interest by patronizing Simon & Bendheim, next door to the First National Bank, Altoona, when ready to buy your new suit or winter clothing. Their stock is fresh stylish, serviceable and cheap, and warranted in all instances to be just as represented.

TIRED THINGS is coming on space when the game of "sixteen" can be played at the garden gate, with one foot on the house and both hands behind you, also strange on the other side and winding a bit of blue ribbon around her engagement finger and heaps up a little pile of gravel with her foot, on which is one of the very smallest little shoes ever seen. It was bought at S. Blumenthal's, 1119 Eleventh avenue, of course, where piles on piles of foot-gear for ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, and children of all ages, are displayed, and sold cheap down as to price. A new lot of Spring wear just received to which particular attention is directed.

MORE ABOUT CARROLL TOWNSHIP'S CENTENARIAN.—The Johnstown *Tribune* is credited with the compiling of various facts in relation to Mr. Cristopher Luther, the centennarian who died in Carroll township, this county, a couple of weeks ago, though the truth is that the *Tribune* gleaned its information from the Carrolltown *News*, which informs us that it did the "business," but up until quite recently Mr. Luther was able to walk from his home, about one mile south of Carrolltown, to that village, every Sunday, to attend divine worship, and then took his way back without apparent fatigue. He was born in Lancaster county, in the year 1779, being a son of Conrad Luther, a German settler from Germany. The maiden name of his mother was Elizabeth Bard. Christopher was married to Miss Rebecca Smith, of Lancaster, and the two lived happily together until 1834, when his wife died. Three brothers and one sister have also passed away, while one brother, William, is yet living in Carroll township, at the ripe old age of seventy-eight. Eleven of his children still survive, and of his lineal descendants there are seventy-six grandchildren and seventy-two great-grandchildren, nearly all of whom reside in the vicinity of Carrolltown.

NOTES FROM ST. FRANCIS' COLLEGE, LORETTO.—Tickets of Merit for the month of March were awarded to the following in the senior classes at the renowned and admirably conducted institution above named:

Greek—C. Schwab, M. Foley, G. Kaylor.
Latin, 1st—G. Kaylor, C. Schwab, M. Foley.
Latin, 2d—J. W. Jones, F. Kilbride, W. Phelan.
Latin, Prosody and Analysis—M. Foley, G

FAMOUS FEATS OF STRENGTH.

Among the Greeks the successful athlete was crowned with laurels and loaded down with wealth and honors.—When Egenetus, in the ninety-second Olympiad, triumphant in games, entered Agrigentum, his native home, he was attended by an escort of 300 chariots, each drawn by two white horses, and followed by the populace, cheering and waving banners. Milo six times won the palm at both the Olympic and Pythian games. He is said to have run a mile with a four-year-old ox upon his shoulders, and afterward killed the animal with a blow of his fist, and ate the entire carcass in one day. So great was his muscular power that he would sometimes bind a cord round his head and break it by the swelling and pressure of the veins. An ordinary meal for Milo was twenty pounds of meat, as much bread, and fifteen pints of wine. Polydamus, of Thessalia, was of prodigious strength and colossal height, and, it is said, alone and without weapons, killed an enormous and enraged lion. One day (it is recorded) he seized a bull by one of its hind feet, and the animal escaped only by leaving the hoof in the grasp of the athlete. The Roman Emperor Maximinus was upward of eight feet in height, and, like Milo of Crotone, could squeeze to powder the hardest stone with his fingers and break the leg or jaw of a horse by a kick. His wife's bracelet served him as a ring, and his every-day meal was sixty pounds of meat and an amphora of wine.

While a prisoner in Germany, Richard I. accepted an invitation to a boxing match with the son of the jailer. He received the first blow, which made him stagger; but, recovering, with a blow of the fist killed his antagonist on the spot. Topham, who was born in London in 1710, was possessed of astonishing strength. His armpits, hollow in the case of ordinary men, were with him full of muscles and tendons. He would take a bar of iron, with its two ends held in his hands, place the middle of the bar behind the nape of his neck, and then bend the extremities by main force until they met together, and then bend back the iron straight again. One night, perceiving a watchman asleep in his box, he carried both the man and his shell to a great distance, and deposited them on the wall of a church yard. Owing to domestic troubles, he committed suicide in the prime of life. The famous Scanderburg, King of Albania, who was born in 1414, was a man of great stature, and his feats in sword exercise have never been equaled. On one occasion, with a scimitar, he struck his antagonist such a terrible blow that its tremendous force cleaved him to the waist. He is said to have often cloven in two men who were clad in armor from head to foot. On one occasion the brother and nephew of a certain Ballaban, who had been convicted of cruelties toward the Albanians, were brought to him, bound together.—Transported with rage, he cut them in two with one stroke of his weapon.—Maurice, Count of Saxony, the hero of Fontenoy, inherited the physical vigor of his father, and was especially noted for the surprising muscular power, or "grip," of his hands. On one occasion, needing a corkscrew, he twisted a long iron nail round into the required shape with his fingers, and with this extemporized implement opened a half dozen bottles of wine. Another time, when stopping at a village blacksmith shop to have his horse shod, he picked up a number of new horseshoes, and with his hands snapped them in two as readily as if made of glass, much to the surprise and disgust of the smith.

If history is to be believed, Phayllus of Crotona could jump a distance of fifty-six feet. The exercise was practiced at the Olympic games and formed part of the course of the Pentathlon.—Strutt, the English authority on games and amusements, speaks of the Yorkish jumper named Ireland, whose powers were something marvelous. He was 6 feet high, and at the age of 18 years leaped, without the aid of a springboard, over nine horses ranged side by side.—He cleared a cord extended fourteen feet from the ground with a bound, crushed with his foot a bladder suspended a height of sixteen feet, and on another occasion lightly cleared a large wagon covered with an awning. Col. Ironside, who lived in India early in this century, relates that he met in his travels an old, white-haired man who with one leap sprang over the back of an enormous elephant flanked by six camels of the largest breed. A curious French work published in Paris in 1745, entitled "The Traets Toward the History of Wonders Performed at Fairs," mentions an Englishman, who at the fair of St. Fermain, in 1723, leaped over forty people without touching one of them. In our own day we are familiar with many remarkable expositions of strength and endurance. Dr. Winship, with the aid of straps, lifted a weight of 3,500 pounds and with the little finger of his hand could raise his body a considerable distance from the ground.

The strongest man in the world at the present time, so far as we are able to learn, now lives in Reno, Washoe county, Nev. A San Francisco *Chronicle* reporter recently witnessed the astonishing feats of this remarkable man, and was fully satisfied by what he saw that he is really all that has been claimed for him. His name is Angelo Cardela, an Italian, aged thirty-eight years; stature, five feet ten inches; weight, 190 pounds; occupation, laborer; habits, temperate, though he has no scruples against the moderate use of malt liquors and the light wines of his country. In personal appearance he is not remarkable; merely a good-natured looking son of Italy, with a broad, heavy face; a noble development of chest and shoulders, and large, fleshy hands. His strength was born with him, for he has had no athletic training. When "stripped to the buff," however, a marked peculiarity in his spinal column is at once apparent. His backbone is, we might say, double-jointed, with the vertebral articulations unusually large and prominent. Though he is not a man of unusual size, his spinal column is double the ordinary width, and his other bones and joints seem made on a similar large and generous scale. After some solicitation, he finally consented to favor the reporter with an exhibition of strength, which proved to be such an astonishing exhibition of lifting power as scarcely to be believed. The reporter, whose weight is 150 pounds, stood with one foot on the floor and arms outstretching, his hands being tightly grasped by two friends, one on each side, to preserve the balance of his body. This slight assistance, however, had no tendency to raise his body, being merely to keep him from toppling over. Cardela then stooped down and placed the third finger of his right hand under the hollow of the reporter's foot upon which he was balancing, and, with no perceptible effort, raised the reporter to a height of four feet and deposited him, standing, on a table near at hand. This feat he repeated, and then grasped the reporter's ankles with both hands, raised him above his head, and gently lowered him to the table in a sitting posture. Cardela had a pipe in his mouth while lifting, and continued smoking, as much as to say, "Per Bacche, 'tis nothing; a way we have in our country!" On a former occasion he raised Mr. Lawson, a gentleman connected with the editorial staff of the Reno *Gazette*, in a similar way, with one finger, carried him across the room and left him standing on a table. He has also lifted by the same plan, using only his third finger (which seems to be his most reliable one), several Reno heavy weights, one weighing over 200 pounds. He can strike a blow with his fist with a power of 500 pounds, measured on a register. It is said that two Irishmen, near Verdi, started in to whip him one night, but concluded to give up the contract, as he grasped one in each hand and beat them together until the life was nearly hammered out of them. Many other tales are told of his extraordinary strength, and there can be no doubt that, in his particular specialty, he is unrivaled, and, indeed, a *lusus naturæ*, when the peculiarities of his physical "make-up" and his almost limitless power are considered. He states that his father could strike a blow equal in power to 1,000 pounds; so that his strength seems a direct inheritance. Cardela has not much education and an imperfect knowledge of English. He dislikes to show his strength and fails to realize his own value. If he were to give public exhibitions of his wonderful powers he would doubtless be recognized and acknowledged to be the most powerful man in the world in certain lines of strength.

WARNER'S SAFE REMEDIES

Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

(Formerly Dr. Craig's Kidney Cure.)

A vegetable preparation and the **only sure remedy** in the world for **Bright's Disease, Diabetes, and ALL Kidney, Liver, and Urinary Diseases.**

☞ Testimonials of the highest order in proof of these statements.

☞ For the cure of **Bright's** and the other diseases, call for **Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.**

☞ For the cure of **Diabetes**, call for **Warner's Safe Diabetes Cure.**

WARNER'S SAFE BITTERS.

It is the best **Blood Purifier**, and stimulates every function to more healthful action, and is thus a benefit in all diseases.

It cures **Scrofulous** and other **Skin Eruptions**, and Diseases, including **Cancers, Ulcers**, and other **Sores.**

Dyspepsia, Weakness of the Stomach, Constipation, Dizziness, General Debility, etc., are cured by the **Safe Bitters.** It is unequaled as an appetizer and regular tonic.

Quickly gives **Rest and Sleep** to the suffering, cures **Headache and Neuralgia**, prevents **Epileptic Fits**, and relieves **Nervous Prostration** brought on by excessive drink, overwork, mental shocks, and other causes.

Powerful as it is to stop pain and soothe disturbed Nerves, it never injures the system, whether taken in small or large doses.

Bottles of two sizes; prices, **50c.** and **$1.00.**

WARNER'S SAFE PILLS

Are an immediate and active stimulus for a Torpid Liver, and cure Costiveness, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Diarrhœa, Malaria, Fever and Ague, and should be used whenever the bowels do not operate freely and regularly. Powerful, with such small dose for thorough work. Price 25c. per vial, a box. Warner's Safe Remedies are sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

H. H. Warner & Co., Proprietors, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Send for Pamphlet and Testimonials.

SAFE KIDNEY & LIVER CURE — SAFE DIABETES CURE — SAFE BITTERS — SAFE NERVINE — SAFE PILLS — READ!

BEST IN THE WORLD!

ABSOLUTELY PURE — CHEMICALLY PURE

ARM AND HAMMER BRAND — CHURCH & CO'S — BI-CARB SODA

AND

SALERATUS

Which is the same thing.

Impure Bi-Carb Soda or Saleratus (which is the same thing) is of a slightly dirty white color. It may appear white, examined by itself, but a COMPARISON WITH CHURCH & CO'S "ARM AND HAMMER" BRAND will show the difference.

See that your Saleratus and Baking Soda is white and PURE, as there is ALWAYS A SIMILAR SUBSTANCES used for food.

Housekeepers who prefer bread made with yeast, will improve its quality, make it rise better, and prevent it from souring, by adding one half teaspoonful of Church & Co's Soda or Saleratus. Be sure and not use too much. The use of this with sour milk, in preference to baking powders, is now very generally recommended.

We have a pamphlet containing many receipts for valuable information, and mailed free. Send your address plainly.

SHOW THIS TO YOUR GROCER.

SELLERS'

COUGH

SYRUP!

40 YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

Pronounced by all to be the most PLEASANT AND EFFICACIOUS remedy now in use for the CURE OF COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, hoarseness, tickling sensation of the throat, whooping cough, etc. OVER A MILLION BOTTLES SOLD WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS. It gives relief wherever used, and has the power to impart benefit that CANNOT be had from the cough mixtures now in use. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per bottle.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS are also highly recommended for curing liver complaint constipation, sick-headaches, fever and ague, and all diseases of the stomach and liver. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per box.

R. E. Sellers & Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

October 24, 1879.-1y.

A GOOD PLAN. Anybody can learn "Unerring Rules for Success." In Money. Lawrence & Co's new circular. The combination method, which is free from risk, enables people with small capital and less skill, Thousands of the adventurers of the largest capitalists. Immense profits are divided proportionally. An investment of $25 to $1,000 on one of the combinations. S. Y. Bankers' Weekly, September 24, 1879, says:—"By the combination method of operating $25 will make $1 per cent.; $50 pays $2.50, or 5 per cent.; $100 pays $5.00, or 5 per cent.; $500 makes $1,000, or 10 per cent., on the stock, during the month, according to the scale." Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, June 29:—"The combination method of operating $25 to $1,000." New York Independent, September 13:—"The combination system is founded upon correct business principles, and no person need fear to entrust $25 to Messrs. Lawrence & Co." Brooklyn Journal, April 29:—"Our editor made a net profit of $1 25 from $100 invested in Messrs. Lawrence & Co's combinations." Nearly every paper in the land is full of similar notices. Circulars free; explains everything. Stocks and Bonds wanted. Government Bonds supplied.

LAWRENCE & CO., Bankers, 57 Exchange Place, N. Y.

SMOKE THE

Little Builder Cigar,

One Hundred for $2.00:

GATLING GUN..... $2.00;
HUMPTY DUMPTY, 2.25;

Other Brands from $2.50 upwards delivered to any address in the U.S., post-paid, on receipt of price.

M. J. DOUGHERTY,

2-12 Sole Man'f'r, 434 Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

DR. M. E. B. CREERY, *Surgeon Dentist*, having located in the office and residence owned and recently occupied by Dr. J. J. Cutman, respectfully offers his professional services to the people of Ebensburg and vicinity, and guarantees good work at honest prices. ☞A lady assistant will be in attendance whenever her services are required. Anæsthetics carefully and safely administered when desired. The patronage of all in need of dental services is respectfully solicited. [5-39, 73.-tf.]

$1000 REWARD For any case of Bleeding, Itching, Blind, Rleeding or Ulcerated Piles that Dr. Bilmy's Pile Remedy fails to cure. Gives immediate relief, cures cases of long standing in 1 week. Entirely vegetable. Never sold by druggist or peddler. Beware of worthless imitations. None genuine unless put up in our wrapper, with fac-simile of Dr. J. P. Miller's signature, Price, $1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists. Sent by mail by J. P. Miller, M. D., Proprietor, Wilkesbarre, Pa. Sold in Ebensburg by D. J. Thomas and Alex. Rae, Druggists.

CAUTION

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections aspecially. [10-14.-tf.]

$77 a Month and expenses guaranteed to Agents. $12 Outfit free. SHAW & Co., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER

This standard article is compounded with the greatest care.

Its effects are as wonderful and as satisfactory as ever.

It restores gray or faded hair to its youthful color.

It removes all eruptions, itching and dandruff. It gives the head a cooling, soothing sensation of great comfort, and the scalp by its use becomes white and clean.

By its tonic properties it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, preventing baldness, and making the hair grow thick and strong.

As a dressing, nothing has been found so effectual or desirable.

A. A. Hayes, M. D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, says, "The constituents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality; and I consider it the BEST PREPARATION for its intended purposes."

Price, One Dollar.

Buckingham's Dye

FOR THE WHISKERS.

This elegant preparation may be relied on to change the color of the beard from gray or any other undesirable shade, to brown or black, at discretion. It is easily applied, being in one preparation, and quickly and effectually produces a permanent color, which will neither rub nor wash off.

Manufactured by R. P. HALL & CO.

NASHUA, N. H.

Sold by all Druggists, and Dealers in Medicines.

KIDNEY-WORT

The Only Remedy

THAT ACTS AT THE SAME TIME ON THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, and the KIDNEYS.

This combined action gives it wonderful power to cure all diseases.

Why Are We Sick?

Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT WILL CURE

BILIOUSNESS, PILES, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESSES, AND NERVOUS DISORDERS.

In causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off the foul matter.

Why Suffer Bilious pains and aches? Why tormented with Piles, Constipation? Why frightened over disordered Kidneys? Why endure nervous or sick headaches? Why have sleepless nights?

Use KIDNEY-WORT and rejoice in health. It is a dry, vegetable compound and One package will make six gallons of Medicine. Get it of your Druggist, he will order it for you. Price, $1.00.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Fever and Ague.

The true antidote to the effects of miasma is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This medicine is one of the most popular remedies of an age of successful proprietary specifics, and is in immense demand wherever the Central fever and ague exists. A wineglassful three times a day is the best possible preparative for encountering a malarious atmosphere, regulating the liver, and invigorating the stomach.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

The Purest and Best Medicine ever made.

A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, and Dandelion, with all of the best and most curative properties of all other roots, herbs, barks, and vegetables, make the most perfect, healthy, and reliable Family Medicine ever used in this or any other country. It is a Gentle Purgative, and Life and Health Restorer, and will cure all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, if such diseases are not beyond the reach of medicine. Hop Bitters will keep the whole family in good health for a year, and prevent sickness. The Proprietors will forfeit $1,000 for a case they will not cure or help, when the directions are strictly complied with and the medicine is not destroyed by other medicines after taking. Do not suffer yourself or let your friends suffer or die until you try Hop Bitters. Remember, Hop Bitters is not a vile, drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made. Don't believe the first lying praise you may hear, but use the Bitters yourself, or see the printed directions, and then judge for yourself what they are. Don't drink them sick, nasty stuff called Hop, Hops, or Hop Bitters, and think you have the genuine Hop Bitters. Don't be deceived by the name. Don't suffer the dealer to impose upon you because he has a large profit on it. Don't let your friends suffer without telling them how to cure themselves. Don't suffer yourself to be prejudiced against this best of all medicines because others have imposed upon you with worthless stuff. Hop Bitters is the Poor Man's Friend, and Hop Bitters will be found worth more than their weight in gold to the sick or afflicted. Don't delay a moment. Don't wait to be sick, but if you only feel bad, or have the blues, or any body you know needs medicine, use Hop Bitters at once and thank us for the advice. Your life may be saved by so doing. Don't die, but live and be well and happy. Don't forget this.

THE GREAT CAUSE OF HUMAN MISERY.

Just Published, in a Sealed Envelope. Price 6 Cents.

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment and Radical Cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhœa, induced by Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally: Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D., author of the "Green Book," &c.

The world-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, rings, instruments, or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

☞ *This Lecture will prove a boon to Thousands and thousands.*

Sent free, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps. Address the Publishers,

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.,
41 Ann St., New York; Post Office Box 4586.
Jan. 9, 1880.-3m.

DR. M. J. BUCK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ALTOONA, PA.

Office and residence on Fourteenth street, near Eleventh avenue, where night calls can be made. Office hours from 8 to 10, A. M., and from 2 to 4 and 6 to 8, P. M. Special attention paid to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, as well as to Surgical Operations of every description. [4-13.-tf.]

WE CURED Promptly and Permanently. I send a bottle of my celebrated remedy, with a valuable treatise on this disease, free to all sufferers who send me their P. O. and Express address. Dr. H. G. ROOT, 97 and 149 Pearl St., New York.

LIFE IN THE ANIMAL WORLD.

A Middleburg (Pa.) mouse tunneled an ear of corn, built her nest in it, and was living on the grain on the outside. The ear was 8½ inches in length and 9½ inches in circumference, and it contained 1,600 grains of corn.

A drunken sparrow was recently seen on the streets of Easton, Pa., and was picked up and cared for by a peanut vender until it became sober. Some one had dropped a flask of whisky on the sidewalk, and the bird drank of the liquor until it staggered and fell.

Monkeys are caught in Africa by means of fermented beer. It is placed by the natives within reach, and as soon as one monkey tastes it he screams with joy, and many answer his call. They soon get too drunk to realize the approach of a person, and are easily captured.

D. T. Williams, late of Richmond, Va., had a dog that would take a basket to the woodpile, have it filled with chips, and bring it in his mouth to the house. Four pounds of borrowed flour was sent by the dog to a neighbor. On reaching the house he found it locked and the folks away; so he took it under the house and laid by it until their return, and then delivered it.

A missionary living among the Dutch Boers of Natal says that a hunting party came upon a large herd of elephants, and as they fired at the leader the entire herd fled. They were in a valley, and in trying to escape they ran around in a circle three hundred yards in diameter, and were shot down. After awhile a new leader broke out of the beaten track, and led off the remainder of the herd in safety. Ninty elephants lay dead in the valley, and each man's share of the valuable tusks of ivory was considerable.

Russian wolves show great sagacity in the capture of wild horses. They roll and frisk about until the unsuspecting victim is completely put off his guard. One wolf then approaches the horse's head, and another his tail. Both wolves then spring at their victim at the same instant—one at the throat and the other at the flanks—and they do not let go until the horse is disabled. The horse turns round and round without attempting a defense, and is soon on its side, and the victory is won. At a signal the pack close in, but the small fry wait until their superiors are gorged.

A traveler in the forest of Brazil saw a hairy spider with a body two inches long, and eight legs, measuring seven inches each. It was on a tree trunk beneath a deep crevice, across which was stretched a dense white web. The lower part of the web was broken, and two small finches were entangled in the pieces. One was alive, but died soon after its rescue. The hairs of these crab spiders come off when touched and cause a maddening irritation. He says that he saw the children of an Indian family with one of these monsters secured by a cord and leading it about the house like a dog.

Old Jake is a one-eyed pointer dog of Sardis, Miss. On a cool, rainy day he made a call on an old sportsman, and spent the afternoon by the fire. When bedtime came he was driven out and the door-thumb bolted on the inside. In the course of the night he was awakened by a cold wind blowing on him. Hearing a slight noise at the fire, he looked, and there set old Jake. The fire had nearly died out, and the dog was putting the chunks together with his paws, and actually blowing the dying embers. The man got out of bed, put on more wood, made a pallet for Jake near the fire, closed the door and again retired.

When Henry Lascar, of Lafayette Corners, Pa., returned from a day's hunt he looked as though he had been put through a threshing-machine. He went to a panther's den, crawled in, and drawing a bead on the animal, fired. When he recovered consciousness the panther was tossing him about as a cat does a mouse, and with one stroke of her paw she sent him outside the cave. Early in the fight Lascar's rifle was made useless by breaking the nipple. The animal tore his face in shreds. With a hundred wounds on his body and his clothing torn to ribbons, the old man was well nigh exhausted, when, by an almost superhuman effort, he reached his hunting-knife and by a well directed blow quieted the beast.

A LEARNED CAT AND WISE HEN.—Mrs. A. W. Brooks, of East Eliot, in the State of Maine, has a cat thirteen years old for which she has been vainly offered $50. This learned pussy will stand up at the word of command, bow slowly or quickly as directed, walk around the room on her hind legs only, dance, turn somersaults, go through the motions of holding a jewsharp to her mouth with one paw and playing on it with the other, mew when ordered to speak, kiss her hand to visitors, hold a saucer of milk on her fore legs and lap the milk, and stand on her hind feet and with her fore paws catch bits of bread or meat thrown to her, like a base ball player. Her kitten, a year old, will turn somersaults. The same lady has a hen which always wipes her feet on the mat on entering the house, and if asked "How do you get your living, biddy?" will scratch on the floor, look to see if she has scratched out anything, and then look at the questioner to see if the answer is correct. This hen despises the wooden, chalk and porcelain cheats which some people palm off on hens for nest eggs, tumbling them out of her nest as often as they are put in.

SAGACITY OF A GULL.—A curious incident occurred recently on one of the bridges crossing the river Limmat, which flows through the city of Zulich, illustrating the sagacity of the gulls or terns frequenting some of the Swiss lakes. A gentleman who, for amusement, was in the habit of feeding these birds with refuse meat (which they are very fond of), had his hat knocked off into the rapid current below by one of the more eager gulls hovering around. The lookers-on laughed at the mishap, and a boat was about to put out into the stream to secure the trophy, when, to the surprise of every one, a gull was noticed to dart down upon the floating hat, and, after several ineffectual attempts, succeeded at last in rising with it in its beak, and flying toward the bridge, to the great astonishment of every one, when over its center dropped the well-soaked hat, where the bystanders at once secured it for its owner. Those who believe that animals have the reasoning faculty will doubtless add this to their list of proofs.

HOW SATIN WAS DISCOVERED.—The word "satin," which originally was applied to all silk stuffs in general, has since the last century been used to designate only tissues which present only a lustered surface. The discovery of this particularly brilliant stuff was accidental. Octovic Mayo, a silk-weaver, finding business very dull, and not knowing what to invent to give a new impulse to trade, was one day, says the *Wool Trade Review*, pacing to and fro before his loom. Every time he passed the machine, with no definite object in view, he pulled little threads from the warp and put them into his mouth, which soon after he spat out. Later on he found the little ball of silk on his workshop floor, and was attracted by the brilliant appearance of the threads. He repeated the experiment, and, by using heat and certain mucilaginous preparations, succeeded in giving new lustre to his tissue.

A BAG OF HOPS as large as the two fists, placed in a bin or store of grain, will, it is said, kill or eradicate all grubs and insects from the grain. The dead ones can be removed by fanning.

An Illuminated Highway Across the Ocean Suggested.

Captain S. B. Stoner, who, it may be remembered, won high commendation several years ago from the French government for his valuable devices in life-preserving apparatus, has devised a system, after several years' study, by which the risks of marine disasters may be greatly reduced. A correspondent of the New York *Star* thus describes it:

Briefly stated, the plan contemplates the anchoring, by strong swaying cables, of suitably constructed stations or light-houses, at distances of about 100 miles apart, on the route the most direct and feasible across the Atlantic. This necessitates only thirteen stations at the most between New York and Queenstown or Havre. Being supplied with strong electric lights, no craft, whether steamer or sailing vessel, need ever, during the whole voyage, be out of sight of one or the other of these lights, and in case of any trouble requiring help, it will always be within reach.—Besides, as each station is to be connected with every other and with both shores by submarine telegraph, and supplied with necessary apparatus, additional aid to any extent could be immediately summoned from adjoining stations or from the nearest land.

Each lighthouse will keep on hand a moderate amount of the most needed supplies, including, of course, coal and non-perishable provisions, as well as repairing tools. A small quantity at each will suffice, as the stations will be, as stated, but about 100 miles apart and can be readily replenished.

As to the availability of the electric light for this purpose, recent improvements in that art have clearly shown its adaptability. The lighthouse at Havre, France, is supplied by an electric lamp. As all mariners know, that light is plainly visible fifty miles out. A French man-of-war has an electric lamp which can be seen 100 miles, but we learn of one on a Spanish ship that can be seen 150 miles.

A word as to the anchoring cable of deep sea light-houses. No matter what the depth, the cable will have attached through its entire length a number of sub-marine buoys of just about sufficient buoying capacity to neutralize the cable's weight, whatever its length may be. Thus the entire strength of the cable, of which there will be two or more to each house, will be available in holding the lighthouse in position; and the latter, being constructed with reference to offering the least possible resistance to winds and waves, will not require that degree of holding power a sailing craft of the same dimensions would.

These marine stations are to be constructed of both wood and iron, in form somewhat resembling a double apex pyramid, and will extend about as far below the water surface as above. The entire cost, with outfit, will be less than $25,000 each.

Thus, we see, by this one disaster of last week, there was lost to the owners, freighters and insurance companies an amount more than large enough to have built and anchored the thirty lighthouses referred to, giving us a lighted pathway across the Atlantic.

With this system in operation, or with an electric lighthouse on the coast of Hollyrood, or even with one light on the Montana, the disaster of last week would have been impossible. It should be borne in mind, too, that while this new light is visible, and made available ten, and even twenty times the distance of any other known light, so its penetrating power, either through darkness, dense fogs, or even water, is equally great.

FIVE SUNDAYS IN FEBRUARY.—In the month of February this year there were five Sundays—something that will not occur again for forty years. The months containing five Sundays recur in a regular order every 400 years. The order is as follows: Three times with intervals of 28 years each, and then comes one after an interval of 40 years; then two with intervals of 28 years each, and then comes one after an interval of 40 years; then two other intervals of 28 years each, and then there is an interval of 40 years before another such year. This is followed by three intervals of 28 years each. This will occupy 400 years, and then the same order will come round again. The following are the years that have had and will have five Sundays in February during the present period of 400 years: 1604, 1632, 1660, 1688, 1728, 1756, 1784, 1824, 1852, 1880, 1920, 1948, 1976, 2004. The following are the conditions necessary in order that five Sundays may happen in February: First, the year must be a leap year; second, the first of January must fall on Thursday. In short, the year must have the Dominical letters D. C. Julius Cæsar, or rather the Egyptian astronomer, Sosigenes, considered the year as containing 365¼ days; as this was too long by more than 11 minutes, and as the error had increased to more than 10 days in the 16th century, Pope Gregory XIII made a new rule for leap years, viz.: Leap years are, first, those whose numbers are exactly divisible by 4 and not 100; second, those whose numbers are divisible by 400 and not by 4000.

TO PREVENT KICKING IN THE STABLE.—Take a strong strap sufficient in length to reach crosswise from the hind leg he kicks with to the opposite foreleg, with from six to nine inches slack. The strap proper to be two inches in width, with end strap sewed on to this one inch and a half in width, and made of strong and very pliable leather. Immediately before feeding your horse adjust the ends of the strap in the following manner: Buckle one end around the hind leg your horse kicks with, between the fetlock-joint and the hoof, and the other end around the opposite fore-leg, between the fetlock-joint and the hoof. This preventive will cause him, when attempting to play with his heels, with the side of his stall or kicking his companion in the stall next to him, to lose or greatly disturb his equilibrium when desiring to kick either. He cannot in the least injure himself with this strap if properly made and adjusted, and this treatment will no doubt cure him entirely of the habit he has acquired, after a few applications.

FARMERS who spread on a thin coat of twelve or fifteen loads of manure to the acre, and expect to raise a good crop, would be astonished to see the quantities of the best kinds of manure which market gardeners often apply to an acre of land near the cities. What would they say to the application of $600 worth of horse manure to a single acre? Two or three hundred dollars worth of manure per acre is a common thing among market gardeners, and they find their account in so doing, too.

A CONNECTICUT FARMER says that the butt ends of potatoes and the kernels of corn from the butt ends of the ears each produced crops that were materially better than where the opposite course was pursued. In the case of potatoes, the stalks from the butt end were much larger and more forward at the first hoeing, while the increase in corn was some 20 per cent. in favor of the butt end kernels.

COLONEL MEAD, Superintendent of Agriculture of Vermont, says that in five years after he fixed his stables so as to save his liquid manure he had doubled the products of his farm. The greatest waste of agriculture everywhere to-day is this waste of the liquid excrement of cattle. It is five times greater than all the taxes, and there is no need of it.

STILL LATER AND BETTER!

NEW SPRING GOODS

IN GREAT PROFUSION AT

FREIDHOFF'S CHEAP STORE!

While so many are looking forward to the coming Presidential election in hopes of being the lucky man, the subscriber has concluded to remain in the mercantile business and give it his undivided attention by supplying his friends and the public generally with ALL KIND OF GOODS

AT PRICES SO LOW

THAT NONE CAN OR DARE COMPETE WITH HIM.

Buyers will always find a full and elegant stock of everything to be found in a general store, comprising a complete line of

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS,

Boots, Shoes, Groceries Hardware, Tinware,

Queensware, Glassware, Woodenware, Cigars, Tobacco, Canned Goods, &c., &c.

Also, FLOUR, CORN MEAL, FISH, SALT by the bushel and barrel, DRUGS, NAILS, GLASS, PUTTY, BRUSHES, BROOMS, &c. I have likewise added to my stock

BIRD'S PATENT CORN SHELLER,

which will be sold at the remarkable low price of 60 cents each. Also for sale, the

BEST AND QUICKEST BUTTER-PRODUCING CHURN EVER INVENTED.

☞ A large increase of business has necessitated the enlargement of my store-room and the erection of an additional warehouse, and still my establishment is literally crowded with choice goods and eager seekers after bargains. Still being determined to accommodate all who come, and especially my friends from the country, to whom the highest prices in trade will be paid for all kind of produce, I have thrown open my large and commodious stable for the free use of all who may wish to put up their stock. Thankful for past favors and hopeful of many future ones I remain as ever,

N. J. FREIDHOFF.

High Street, Ebensburg, March, 1880.

ALL OUR

OVERCOATS

—AND—

HEAVY WEIGHT CLOTHING!

NOW ON HAND,

TO BE SOLD AT PRICES LOWER THAN EVER,

TO MAKE ROOM FOR A LARGE AND NEW STOCK OF

SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING!

IT WILL PAY YOU

TO GIVE US A CALL, AS THE GOODS NOW IN STORE WILL

POSITIVELY BE SOLD REGARDLESS OF THE ADVANCE IN PRICES,

Which are now at least 20 per cent. higher than last year.

SO TAKE OUR ADVICE, AND BUY YOUR CLOTHING NOW,

AND FROM US, AT THE

Young America Clothing House,

Corner ELEVENTH AVENUE and ELEVENTH Street,

Feb. 6, 1880.-tf. ALTOONA, PA.

"DON'T YOU FORGET IT!"

Don't forget to bear in mind and keep in remembrance that

GODFREY WOLF

HAS INAUGURATED AT HIS

"PALACE OF FASHION,"

NEXT DOOR TO THE POST-OFFICE, ALTOONA, PA.,

A GRAND CLOSING-OUT SALE

OF HIS ENTIRE STOCK—ABOUT $10,000 WORTH—OF

OVERCOATS AND WINTER CLOTHING

Generally, AT COST AND LESS THAN COST.

Call Early and Get First Choice and Best Bargains!

As the Goods will Positively be Sold at a Sacrifice.

SIX CORD — ENDORSED BY OVER THIRTY SEWING MACHINE EXHIBITORS AT THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, Paris, 1878 AND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, PHILADELPHIA, 1876, As being "Very STRONG, SMOOTH, and EXCELLENT THREAD." — TRY IT — S.F.T. ESTABLISHED 1855. — ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY BY USING — MANUFACTURED AT MOUNT HOLLY, N.J. STUART & BRO (LIMITED) AGENTS, NEW YORK. — TRY IT — SEMPLE'S SIX CORD SPOOL COTTON — MEDALS AWARDED — PARIS, PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK & BOSTON. — SOFT FINISH

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

113 & 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,

ALWAYS HAVE THE

Largest and Cheapest Stock of

Dry and Dress Goods,

NOTIONS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,

to be found in Cambria or adjoining counties. ☞ Forget not the street and numbers and fail not to call, buy and be happy.

GEO. WYEAGER,

CASH DEALER IN ALL KIND OF

HEATING and COOKING STOVES

AND MANUFACTURER OF

TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,

1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.

☞ CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kind promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [10-24,'79.—tf.]

Wells, Richardson & Co's PERFECTED BUTTER COLOR

Gives Butter the gilt-edged color the year round. The largest Butter Buyers recommend its use. Thousands of Dairymen say IT IS PERFECT. Used by all the best Creameries. Awarded the International Diploma at N. Y. Dairy Fair. Ask your druggist or merchant for it, or write to ask what it is, what it costs, who uses it, where to get it. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

SELECTING CORN FOR SEED.

Your older readers will remember the cold summer of 1861, when but little corn got ripe in the New England States. A year or two afterwards my father obtained a very small lot of eight-rowed corn that was pronounced as sure to ripen. I do not remember what its proper name was, but I remember it was called in this vicinity "Canada corn." According to my best recollection the ears would be about seven inches in length. It ripened early. I selected for seed the largest ears, and the result was, the ears continually increased in size and length, and from eight rows he got ten, then twelve, then fourteen, and at last there began to be ears with sixteen rows. But as it increased in size it was later in ripening, and in fifteen or twenty years we had a longer short summer and abundance of corn."

The next spring I was told that a Yankee-keeper in Haverhill, this State, purchased the season before a small lot of Canada corn that got through the frost before the frost came, and was induced to try it. I have planted this corn ever since, that is, some thirty-three or four years. I have taken care, however, not to make the mistake father made, but have greatly increased the size of the ear without materially lengthening the period of growth. For the first few years I picked the earliest ears for seed, taking them before it was thought safe to husk the corn. But the growth, although larger than at first, was too early, and ripened so early I concluded to go back to my father's experience and select a larger kind without making it late.

Any farmer, if he is a keen observer, will have noticed that the corn in the corners always have a large cob, which is followed by a large stem when the ear is husked. For the purpose of increasing the size I stopped picking my seed in the field and selected the largest ears that had a small stem. In fact I found a small stem, and especially if the ear was rotted and tough to husk, which indicated early maturing, I saved it for seed. In this way I soon perceived an increase in size, and fearing that in so doing I should run to Charybdis, as my father did, I commenced picking my seed from the field. But noticing that the corn continued to ripen earlier than my neighbors, I ventured to try the experiment of making it still larger. Consequently for a few years past I have stopped to look at husking and saved for seed only those ears, having ten or twelve rows, and of the indispensable small stem. As a result I found but few ears of the kind, and they have become so numerous that this year I have saved only two bushels of ears, and probably shall not exceed that. I go beyond this, although now and then I find an ear with fourteen rows, and it is usually filled with